JA
808-1
Ari/Poe
86490

00086490

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY.

THE POETICS OF ARISTOTLE.

TOGETHER WITH THE

TREATISE ON THE SUBLIME

BY

LONGINUS.

86490

BOMBAY BRANCH
JACKSON
MEMORIAL
COLLECTION
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

WA 640

CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED
LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK & MELBOURNE
1893

JAC
808.1
Ar1/For
86490

First printed in this Series *May* 1839
Reprinted 1890, 1898.

00086490

INTRODUCTION.

"THE POETICS OF ARISTOTLE" is a book which has been honoured by all critics, idolised by some, and has throughout Europe influenced the higher literary criticism since the revival of learning. It is intellectually one of the great books of the world; substantially it is so small a book that it can be contained in one half of this threepenny volume, and still leave even room enough for the whole of another book of highest mark, Longinus "On the Sublime."

Readers of this Library are, I believe, sometimes a little puzzled by what seems to be the shortness of great books, and sometimes they may suspect abridgment. Not one book in this Library has ever had a line omitted from it by me for the purpose of abridgment. Large books of various contents, like Hakluyt's "Voyages," or Luther's "Table Talk," in which the narrative is not continuous, can, of course, properly be represented by selection of passages that are complete in themselves. In one or two records of travel reprinted from Pinkerton,

with due statement of the fact, there may have been omissions made by Pinkerton; and one or two volumes of the beginning of "Pepys's Diary" were printed from a copy less complete than it professed to be. The mistake was soon discovered, and acknowledged in a later Introduction, which supplied the most important parts of the omitted matter. Let me say then emphatically, that however unexpectedly small a book may look when it has put off the clothes that are no part of it, the single works given in this National Library are single and complete in the proportions that their authors gave to them. They never have been, and they never are to be, abridgments. The excellent translation given here of Aristotle's "Poetics" is that of Thomas Twining, which was first published in a quarto volume at Oxford in 1789. The second edition, in 1812, by Daniel Twining, was in two volumes octavo; but the first volume was chiefly, and the second wholly, occupied by editorial discussions of the text. Aristotle himself occupies much less space than the robes in which he is arrayed. That is the fate of princes.

Aristotle, son of a physician to a king of Macedon, was born at Stageira more than two thousand two hundred and seventy years ago. His

father brought him when still young into the court, when he became boy-friend of Philip, afterwards king. Philip was three years younger than Aristotle. At seventeen Aristotle was sent to Athens, where he studied under Plato, who called him "the mind of the school," and his house "the house of the reader." Plato died in the year B.C. 347, aged eighty-two. Aristotle was then thirty-seven years old, and Alexander, known afterwards as Alexander the Great, was a child of nine. Of Alexander's birth his father Philip, who had grown to be king of Macedon, had sent news to his friend from boyhood, Aristotle, then in Athens. After the death of Plato, Aristotle travelled; and in the year B.C. 342, when his age was forty-two, he accepted Philip's invitation to become the tutor of his son Alexander.

Alexander studied during four years under Aristotle, who returned to Athens when his pupil became king, and taught there in the Lyceum, near the temple of the Lycæan Apollo.

After the death of Alexander the Great (B.C. 323), Aristotle, regarded by the Greeks as a friend of the Macedonians, was accused of impiety. He withdrew, therefore, to a property he had at Chalcis in Eubœa. He was condemned to death in his

absence, and Nature was soon afterwards his executioner; for he died next year of a disordered stomach, at the age of sixty-three.

Aristotle's mind was logical. He was a master of analysis; and, his keen search into the nature of man, of society, and of the world outside us, made him the first founder of more sciences than one. He made, by experimental research, advances in natural science that were taken as all-sufficient till the sixteenth century. He stood between the Sophists and all later time as founder of the study of Rhetoric. He founded the scientific study of Politics, as well as of Ethics; and although he was himself a man of science rather than a poet, his analytical power made this book of his, chiefly upon the characters of Tragic and Epic Poetry, a masterpiece in its own way.

Dionysius Cassius Longinus was born about six hundred years later than Aristotle. He died, at the age of sixty, in A.D. 273. Longinus was born, possibly, at Athens, where an uncle of his, who taught rhetoric, left him his heir. Longinus travelled much in his earlier life, and became acquainted personally with some of the chief thinkers of the time, including Plotinus and Origen. He devoted much time to the study of

the works of Plato—of their style as well as of their matter. Returned to Athens from a stay at Alexandria, he taught philosophy at Athens, taught also rhetoric and criticism, and was regarded as a living library. He then journeyed to the East, where Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, learned Greek of him. She learned also to value his friendship, and was encouraged by his counsel to claim independence of Rome. The Roman Emperor Aurelian destroyed Palmyra, and Longinus was condemned and executed as the instigator of Zenobia's rebellion.

Longinus wrote many books which are lost. His book on the "Sublime" survives, but even that comes down to us only in large and noble fragments. It is the work of the noblest of the philosophers in the last days of ancient Greece. Longinus lived when Christianity was making its strength felt, and was not hostile to it. He speaks also with admiration of the book of Genesis. But his inspiration was from Plato and the Greek philosophers, not from the Fathers of the Christian Church.

H. M.

JAC
808.1
Ar1/Poe

THE POETICS OF ARISTOTLE.

PART I.

GENERAL AND COMPARATIVE VIEW OF POETRY AND ITS PRINCIPAL SPECIES.

INTRODUCTION.

My design is to treat of Poetry in general, and of its several species; to inquire what is the proper effect of each—what construction of a fable, or plan, is essential to a good Poem—of what, and how many, parts each species consists; with whatever else belongs to the same subject: which I shall consider in the order that most naturally presents itself.

I.—*Poetry a Species of Imitation.*

Epic poetry, tragedy, comedy, dithyrambics, as also, for the most part, the music of the flute and of the lyre—all these are, in the most general view of them, imitations; differing, however, from

each other in three respects, according to the different means, the different objects, or the different manner of their imitation.

II.—*Different Means of Imitation.*

For, as men, some through art and some through habit, imitate various objects by means of colour and figure, and others, again, by voice; so, with respect to the arts above-mentioned, Rhythm, Words, and Melody are the different means by which, either single or variously combined, they all produce their imitation.

For example, in the imitations of the flute and the lyre, and of any other instruments capable of producing a similar effect—as the syrinx, or pipe—melody and rhythm only are employed. In those of dance, rhythm alone, without melody; for there are dancers who, by rhythm applied to gesture, express manners, passions, and actions.

The epopœia imitates by words alone, or by verse; and that verse may either be composed of various metres, or confined, according to the practice hitherto established, to a single species. For we should, otherwise, have no general name which would comprehend the mimes of Sophron and Xenarchus and the Socratic dialogues; or poems in

iambic, elegiac, or other metres, in which the epic species of imitation may be conveyed. Custom, indeed, connecting the poetry or making with the metre, has denominated some elegiac poets, *i.e.*, makers of elegiac verse; others, epic poets, *i.e.*, makers of hexameter verse; thus distinguishing poets, not according to the nature of their imitation, but according to that of their metre only. For even they who compose treatises of medicine or natural philosophy in verse are denominated poets: yet Homer and Empedocles have nothing in common, except their metre; the former, therefore, justly merits the name of poet, while the other should rather be called a physiologist than a poet.

So, also, though any one should choose to convey his imitation in every kind of metre promiscuously, as Chæremon has done in his "Centaur," which is a medley of all sorts of verse, it would not immediately follow that, on that account merely, he was entitled to the name of poet.—But of this enough.

There are, again, other species of poetry which make use of all the means of imitation,—rhythm, melody, and verse. Such are the dithyrambic, that of nomes,* tragedy, and comedy: with this difference, however, that in some of these they are

* Shepherds' Songs (ἐν νομοῖς) among the pastures.

employed all together, in others separately. And such are the differences of these arts with respect to the means by which they imitate.

III.—*Different Objects of Imitation.*

But as the Objects of Imitation are the Actions of men, and these men must of necessity be either good or bad (for on this does character principally depend; the manners being, in all men, most strongly marked by virtue and vice), it follows that we can only represent men, either as better than they actually are, or worse, or exactly as they are: just as, in painting, the pictures of Polygnotus were above the common level of nature; those of Pauson below it; those of Dionysius faithful likenesses.

Now, it is evident that each of the imitations above-mentioned will admit of these differences, and become a different kind of imitation as it imitates objects that differ in this respect. This may be the case with dancing; with the music of the flute and of the lyre; and, also, with the poetry which employs words, or verse only, without melody or rhythm: thus, Homer has drawn men superior to what they are; Cleophon as they are; Hegemon the Thasian, the inventor of parodies, and Nico-

chares, the author of the "Deliad," worse than they are.

So, again, with respect to dithyrambics and nomes: in these, too, the imitation may be as different as that of the "Persians" by Timotheus, and the "Cyclops" by Philoxenus.

Tragedy, also, and Comedy, are distinguished in the same manner; the aim of Comedy being to exhibit men worse than we find them, that of Tragedy better.

IV.—*Different Manner of Imitation.*

There remains the third difference—that of the Manner in which each of these objects may be imitated. For the Poet, imitating the same object, and by the same means, may do it either in narration—and that, again, either personating other characters, as Homer does, or, in his own person throughout, without change;—or he may imitate by representing all his characters as real, and employed in the very action itself.

These, then, are the three differences by which, as I said in the beginning, all imitation is distinguished: those of the Means, the Object, and the Manner; so that Sophocles is, in one respect, an imitator of the same kind with Homer, as elevated

characters are the objects of both; in another respect, of the same kind with Aristophanes, as both imitate in the way of action; whence, according to some, the application of the term Drama (*i.e.*, action) to such poems. Upon this it is that the Dorians ground their claim to the invention both of tragedy and comedy. For comedy is claimed by the Megarians: both by those of Greece, who contend that it took its rise in their popular government, and by those of Sicily, among whom the poet Epicharmus flourished long before Chionides and Magnes; and tragedy, also, is claimed by some of the Dorians of Peloponnesus.—In support of these claims they argue from the words themselves. They allege that the Doric word for a village is *comé*, the Attic *demos*; and that comedians were so called, not from *comazein*—to revel—but from their strolling about the *comai*, or villages, before they were tolerated in the city. They say, further, that to do, or act, they express by the word *dran*;* the Athenians by *prattein*.

And thus much as to the differences of imitation —how many, and what, they are.

* Whence drama.

V.—*Origin of Poetry.*

Poetry, in general, seems to have derived its origin from two causes, each of them natural.

1. To Imitate is instinctive in man from his infancy. By this he is distinguished from other animals, that he is of all the most imitative, and through this instinct receives his earliest education. All men likewise naturally receive pleasure from imitation. This is evident from what we experience in viewing the works of imitative art; for in them we contemplate with pleasure, and with the more pleasure the more exactly they are imitated, such objects as, if real, we could not see without pain: as the figures of the meanest and most disgusting animals, dead bodies, and the like. And the reason of this is, that to learn is a natural pleasure, not confined to philosophers, but common to all men; with this difference only, that the multitude partake of it in a more transient and compendious manner. Hence the pleasure they receive from a picture: in viewing it they learn, they infer, they discover, what every object is; that this, for instance, is such a particular man, &c. For if we suppose the object represented to be something which the spectator had never seen,

his pleasure, in that case, will not arise from the imitation, but from the workmanship, the colours, or some such cause.

2. Imitation, then, being thus natural to us, and, secondly, Melody and Rhythm being also natural (for as to metre, it is plainly a species of rhythm), those persons in whom originally these propensities were the strongest were naturally led to rude and extemporaneous attempts, which, gradually improved, gave birth to Poetry.

VI.—*Its Division into Serious and Ludicrous.*

But this Poetry, following the different characters of its authors, naturally divided itself into two different kinds. They who were of a grave and lofty spirit chose for their imitation the actions and the adventures of elevated characters; while poets of a lighter turn represented those of the vicious and contemptible. And these composed originally satires, as the former did hymns and encomia.

Of the lighter kind, we have no poem earlier than the time of Homer, though many such in all probability there were; but from his time we have, as his "Margites," and others of the same species, in which the iambic was introduced as the most

proper measure; and hence, indeed, the name of iambic, because it was the measure in which they used to iambize (*i.e.*, to satirise) each other.

And thus these old poets were divided into two classes—those who used the Heroic, and those who used the Iambic verse.

And as, in the serious kind, Homer alone may be said to deserve the name of poet, not only on account of his other excellences, but also of the dramatic spirit of his imitations, so was he likewise the first who suggested the idea of comedy, by substituting ridicule for invective, and giving that ridicule a dramatic cast; for his "Margites" bears the same analogy to comedy as his "Iliad" and "Odyssey" to tragedy. But when Tragedy and Comedy had once made their appearance, succeeding poets, according to the turn of their genius, attached themselves to the one or the other of these new species: the lighter sort, instead of iambic, became comic poets; the graver, tragic, instead of heroic; and that on account of the superior dignity and higher estimation of these latter forms of poetry.

Whether Tragedy has now, with respect to its constituent parts, received the utmost improvement of which it is capable, considered both in

itself and relatively to the theatre, is a question that belongs not to this place.

VII.—*Progress of Tragedy.*

Both Tragedy, then, and Comedy, having originated in a rude and unpremeditated manner—the first from the dithyrambic hymns, the other from those Phallic songs which in many cities remain still in use—each advanced gradually towards perfection by such successive improvements as were most obvious.

Tragedy, after various changes, reposed at length in the completion of its proper form. Æschylus first added a second actor; he also abridged the chorus, and made the dialogue the principal part of tragedy. Sophocles increased the number of actors to three, and added the decoration of painted scenery. It was also late before Tragedy threw aside the short and simple fable and ludicrous language of its satyric original, and attained its proper magnitude and dignity. The iambic measure was then first adopted; for originally the trochaic tetrameter was made use of, as better suited to the satyric and saltatorial genius of the poem at that time; but when the dialogue was formed, Nature itself pointed out the proper metre.

For the iambic is, of all metres, the most colloquial, as appears evidently from this fact, that our common conversation frequently falls into iambic verse; seldom into hexameter, and only when we depart from the usual melody of speech. Episodes were also multiplied, and every other part of the drama successively improved and polished.

But of this enough: to enter into a minute detail would, perhaps, be a task of some length.

VIII.—*Object and Progress of Comedy.*

Comedy, as was said before, is an imitation of bad characters: bad, not with respect to every sort of vice, but to the ridiculous only, as being a species of turpitude or deformity, since it may be defined to be a fault or deformity of such a sort as is neither painful nor destructive. A ridiculous face, for example, is something ugly and distorted, but not so as to cause pain.

The successive improvements of Tragedy, and the respective authors of them, have not escaped our knowledge; but those of Comedy, from the little attention that was paid to it in its origin, remain in obscurity. For it was not till late that Comedy was authorised by the magistrate, and carried on at the public expense; it was at first a

private and voluntary exhibition. From the time, indeed, when it began to acquire some degree of form, its poets have been recorded; but who first introduced masks, or prologues, or augmented the number of actors—these, and other particulars of the same kind, are unknown.

Epicharmus and Phormis were the first who invented comic fables. This improvement, therefore, is of Sicilian origin. But, of Athenian poets, Crates was the first who abandoned the iambic form of comedy, and made use of invented and general stories, or fables.

IX.—*Epic and Tragic Species compared.*

Epic poetry agrees so far with Tragic as it is an imitation of great characters and actions by means of words; but in this it differs, that it makes use of only one kind of metre throughout, and that it is narrative. It also differs in length; for Tragedy endeavours, as far as possible, to confine its action within the limits of a single revolution of the sun, or nearly so; but the time of Epic action is indefinite. This, however, at first, was equally the case with Tragedy itself.

Of their constituent parts, some are common to both, some peculiar to Tragedy. He, therefore,

who is a judge of the beauties and defects of Tragedy is, of course, equally a judge with respect to those of Epic poetry; for all the parts of the Epic poem are to be found in Tragedy; not all those of Tragedy in the Epic poem

---

PART II.

OF TRAGEDY.

I.—*Definition of Tragedy.*

Of the species of poetry which imitates in hexameters, and of comedy, we shall speak hereafter. Let us now consider Tragedy, collecting first, from what has been already said, its true and essential definition.

Tragedy, then, is an imitation of some action that is important, entire, and of a proper magnitude —by language, embellished and rendered pleasurable, but by different means in different parts—in the way, not of narration, but of action, effecting through pity and terror the correction and refinement of such passions.

By pleasurable language I mean a language that has the embellishments of rhythm, melody, and

metre. And I add, by different means in different parts, because in some parts metre alone is employed—in others, melody.

II.—*Deduction of its Constituent Parts.*

Now, as Tragedy imitates by acting, the Decoration, in the first place, must necessarily be one of its parts; then the *melopœia*, or Music, and the Diction; for these last include the means of tragic imitation. By Diction, I mean the metrical composition. The meaning of *melopœia* is obvious to every one.

Again: Tragedy being an imitation of an action, and the persons employed in that action being necessarily characterised by their Manners and their Sentiments (since it is from these that actions themselves derive their character), it follows that there must also be Manners and Sentiments as the two causes of actions, and, consequently, of the happiness or unhappiness of all men. The Imitation of the Action is the Fable; for by Fable I now mean the contexture of incidents, or the plot. By Manners I mean whatever marks the characters of the persons; by Sentiments whatever they say, whether proving anything or delivering a general sentiment, &c.

Hence, all Tragedy must necessarily contain six parts, which, together, constitute its peculiar character, or quality — Fable, Manners, Diction, Sentiments, Decoration, and Music. Of these parts, two relate to the means, one to the manner, and three to the object of imitation. And these are all. These specific parts, if we may so call them, have been employed by most poets, and are all to be found in almost every tragedy.

III.—*Comparative Importance of the Parts.*

But of all these parts the most important is the combination of incidents, or the Fable. Because Tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of Actions —of life, of happiness and unhappiness; for happiness consists in Action, and the supreme good itself—the very end of life—is Action of a certain kind, not quality. Now, the Manners of men constitute only their quality or characters; but it is by their actions that they are happy, or the contrary. Tragedy, therefore, does not imitate action for the sake of imitating manners, but in the imitation of action that of manners is of course involved; so that the Action and the Fable are the end of Tragedy; and in everything the end is of principal importance.

Again: Tragedy cannot subsist without Action; without Manners it may. The tragedies of most modern poets have this defect—a defect common, indeed, among poets in general. As among painters also, this is the case with Zeuxis, compared with Polygnotus; the latter excels in the expression of the manners. There is no such expression in the pictures of Zeuxis.

Further: suppose any one to string together a number of speeches in which the Manners are strongly marked, the Language and the Sentiments well turned—this will not be sufficient to produce the proper effect of Tragedy; that end will much rather be answered by a piece defective in each of those particulars, but furnished with a proper Fable and contexture of incidents. Just as in painting, the most brilliant colours, spread at random and without design, will give far less pleasure than the simplest outline of a figure.

Add to this, that those parts of Tragedy by means of which it becomes most interesting and affecting are parts of the Fable: I mean revolutions and discoveries.

As a further proof, adventurers in tragic writing are sooner able to arrive at excellence in the language and the manners than in the construction

of a plot, as appears from almost all our earlier poets.

The Fable, then, is the principal part—the soul, as it were—of tragedy, and the Manners are next in rank; Tragedy being an imitation of an Action, and through that principally of the agents.

In the third place stand the Sentiments. To this part it belongs to say such things as are true and proper, which in the dialogue depends on the political and rhetorical arts; for the ancients made their characters speak in the style of political and popular eloquence, but now the rhetorical manner prevails.

The manners are whatever manifests the disposition of the speaker. There are speeches, therefore, which are without manners or character, as not containing anything by which the propensities or aversions of the person who delivers them can be known. The sentiments comprehend whatever is said, whether proving anything affirmatively or negatively, or expressing some general reflection, &c.

Fourth in order is the Diction—that is, as I have already said, the expression of the sentiments by words, the power and effect of which is the same, whether in verse or prose.

Of the remaining two parts the Music stands next—of all the pleasurable accompaniments and embellishments of tragedy the most delightful.

The Decoration has also a great effect, but, of all the parts, is most foreign to the art; for the power of tragedy is felt without representation and actors, and the beauty of the decorations depends more on the art of the mechanic than on that of the poet.

IV.—*Of the Fable (to section* XIV.).—*It should be a perfect Whole, and of a certain Magnitude.*

These things being thus adjusted, let us go on to examine in what manner the Fable should be constructed, since this is the first and most important part of tragedy.

Now, we have defined tragedy to be an imitation of an action that is complete and entire, and that has also a certain magnitude; for a thing may be entire and a whole, and yet not be of any magnitude.

(1) By Entire I mean that which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. A beginning is that which does not necessarily suppose anything before it, but which requires something to follow it. An end, on the contrary, is that which supposes something to precede it, either necessarily or probably, but which

nothing is required to follow. A middle is that which both supposes something to precede and requires something to follow. The poet, therefore, who would construct his fable properly is not at liberty to begin or end where he pleases, but must conform to these definitions.

(2) Again: whatever is beautiful, whether it be an animal, or any other thing composed of different parts, must not only have those parts arranged in a certain manner, but must also be of a certain Magnitude; for beauty consists in magnitude and order. Hence it is that no very minute animal can be beautiful; the eye comprehends the whole too instantaneously to distinguish and compare the parts. Neither, on the contrary, can one of a prodigious size be beautiful; because, as all its parts cannot be seen at once, the whole (the unity of object) is lost to the spectator: as it would be, for example, if he were surveying an animal of many miles in length. As, therefore, in animals and other objects, a certain magnitude is requisite, but that magnitude must be such as to present a whole easily comprehended by the eye, so in the fable a certain length is requisite, but that length must be such as to present a whole easily comprehended by the memory.

With respect to the measure of this length—if referred to actual representation in the dramatic contests, it is a matter foreign to the art itself; for if a hundred tragedies were to be exhibited in concurrence, the length of each performance must be regulated by the hour-glass—a practice of which, it is said, there have formerly been instances. But if we determine this measure by the nature of the thing itself, the more extensive the fable, consistently with the clear and easy comprehension of the whole, the more beautiful will it be with respect to magnitude. In general, we may say that an action is sufficiently extended when it is long enough to admit of a change of fortune, from happy to unhappy, or the reverse, brought about by a succession, necessary or probable, of well-connected incidents.

V.—*Unity of the Fable.*

A fable is not One, as some conceive it to be, merely because the hero of it is one. For numberless events happen to one man, many of which are such as cannot be connected into one event; and so, likewise, there are many actions of one man which cannot be connected into any one action. Hence appears the mistake of all those poets who

have composed "Herculeids," "Theseids," and other poems of that kind. They conclude that because Hercules was one, so also must be the fable of which he is the subject. But Homer, among his many other excellences, seems also to have been perfectly aware of this mistake, either from art or genius. For when he composed his "Odyssey," he did not introduce all the events of his hero's life—such, for instance, as the wound he received upon Parnassus; his feigned madness when the Grecian army was assembling, &c.—events not connected, either by necessary or probable consequence, with each other: but he comprehended those only which have relation to one action: for such we call that of the "Odyssey." And in the same manner he composed his "Iliad."

As, therefore, in other mimetic arts, one imitation is an imitation of one thing, so here the Fable, being an imitation of an action, should be an imitation of an action that is one and entire, the parts of it being so connected, that if any one of them be either transposed or taken away, the whole will be destroyed or changed; for whatever may be either retained or omitted, without making any sensible difference, is not properly a part.

VI.—*Different Provinces of the Poet and the Historian.*

It appears, further, from what has been said, that it is not the Poet's province to relate such things as have actually happened, but such as might have happened—such as are possible, according either to probable or necessary consequence.

For it is not by writing in verse or prose that the Historian and the Poet are distinguished; the work of Herodotus might be versified, but it would still be a species of history, no less with metre than without. They are distinguished by this—that the one relates what has been, the other what might be. On this account Poetry is a more philosophical and a more excellent thing than History: for Poetry is chiefly conversant about general truth, History about particular. In what manner, for example, any person of a certain character would speak or act, probably or necessarily—this is general; and this is the object of Poetry, even while it makes use of particular names. But what Alcibiades did, or what happened to him—this is particular truth.

With respect to Comedy, this is now become obvious; for here the poet, when he has formed

THE POETICS OF ARISTOTLE.

TOGETHER WITH THE

TREATISE ON THE SUBLIME BY LONGINUS.

his plot of probable incidents, gives to his characters whatever names he pleases, and is not, like the iambic poets, particular and personal.

Tragedy, indeed, retains the use of real names; and the reason is, that what we are disposed to believe we must think possible. Now, what has never actually happened we are not apt to regard as possible; but what has been is unquestionably so, or it could not have been at all. There are, however, some tragedies in which one or two of the names are historical, and the rest feigned. There are even some in which none of the names are historical—such is Agatho's tragedy called "The Flower;" for in that all is invention, both incidents and names, and yet it pleases. It is by no means, therefore, essential that a poet should confine himself to the known and established subjects of tragedy. Such a restraint would, indeed, be ridiculous, since even those subjects that are known are known comparatively but to few, and yet are interesting to all.

From all this it is manifest that a Poet should be a poet, or Maker, of fables rather than of verses, since it is imitation that constitutes the poet, and of this imitation actions are the object; nor is he the less a poet though the incidents of his fable

should chance to be such as have actually happened; for nothing hinders, but that some true events may possess that probability, the invention of which entitles him to the name of poet.

VII.—*Episodic Fables the worst—and why.*

Of Simple Fables or actions the episodic are the worst. I call that an Episodic Fable the episodes of which follow each other without any probable or necessary connection—a fault into which bad poets are betrayed by their want of skill, and good poets by the players; for in order to accommodate their pieces to the purposes of rival performers in the dramatic contests, they spin out the action beyond their powers, and are thus frequently forced to break the connection and continuity of its parts.

But Tragedy is an imitation not only of a complete action, but also of an action exciting terror and pity. Now, that purpose is best answered by such events as are not only unexpected, but unexpected consequences of each other; for by this means they will have more of the wonderful than if they appeared to be the effects of chance; since we find that, among events merely casual, those are the most wonderful and striking which seem to

imply design: as when, for instance, the statue of Mitys at Argos killed the very man who had murdered Mitys, by falling down upon him as he was surveying it, events of this kind not having the appearance of accident. It follows, then, that such fables as are formed on these principles must be the best.

VIII.—*Fables, Simple or Complicated.*

Fables are of two sorts—simple and complicated; for so also are the actions themselves of which they are imitations. An action (having the continuity and unity prescribed) I call simple when its catastrophe is produced without either revolution or discovery; complicated, when with one or both. And these should arise from the structure of the fable itself, so as to be the natural consequences, necessary or probable, of what has preceded in the action. For there is a wide difference between incidents that follow from and incidents that follow only after each other.

IX.—*Parts of the Fable*—(1) *Revolutions;* (2) *Discoveries;* (3) *Disasters.*

A Revolution is a change (such as has already been mentioned) into the reverse of what is expected from the circumstances of the action, and that produced, as we have said, by probable or necessary consequence.

Thus, in the "Œdipus," the messenger, meaning to make Œdipus happy, and to relieve him from the dread he was under with respect to his mother, by making known to him his real birth, produces an effect directly contrary to his intention. Thus, also, in the tragedy of "Lynceus," Lynceus is led to suffer death, Danaus follows to inflict it; but the event, resulting from the course of the incidents, is that Danaus is killed and Lynceus saved.

A Discovery—as, indeed, the word implies—is a change from unknown to known, happening between those characters whose happiness or unhappiness forms the catastrophe of the drama, and terminating in friendship or enmity.

The best sort of Discovery is that which is accompanied by a Revolution, as in the "Œdipus."

There are also other discoveries, for inanimate things of any kind may be recognised in the same

manner, and we may discover whether such a particular thing was, or was not, done by such a person. But the discovery most appropriated to the fable and the action is that above defined, because such discoveries and revolutions must excite either pity or terror; and tragedy we have defined to be an imitation of pitiable and terrible actions, and because, also, by them the event, happy or unhappy, is produced.

Now discoveries, being relative things, are sometimes of one of the persons only, the other being already known; and sometimes they are reciprocal. Thus Iphigenia is discovered to Orestes by the letter which she charges him to deliver; and Orestes is obliged, by other means, to make himself known to her.

These, then, are two parts of the fable—Revolution and Discovery. There is a third, which we denominate Disasters. The two former have been explained. Disasters comprehend all painful or destructive actions: the exhibition of death, bodily anguish, wounds, and everything of that kind.

X.—*Parts into which Tragedy is divided.*

The parts of Tragedy which are necessary to constitute its quality have been already enumerated. Its parts of quantity—the distinct parts into which it is divided—are these: Prologue, Episode, Exode, and Chorus, which last is also divided into the Parode and the Stasimon. These are common to all tragedies. The Commoi are found in some only.

The Prologue is all that part of a tragedy which precedes the Parode of the Chorus; the Episode, all that part which is included between entire choral odes; the Exode, that part which has no choral ode after it.

Of the choral part, the Parode is the first speech of the whole chorus; the Stasimon includes all those choral odes that are without anapæsts and trochees.

The Commos is a general lamentation of the chorus and the actors together.

Such are the separate parts into which tragedy is divided. Its parts of quality were before explained.

XI.—*What Catastrophe and what Character best adapted to the purposes of Tragedy.*

The order of the subject leads us to consider, in the next place, what the poet should aim at, and what avoid, in the construction of his Fable; and by what means the purpose of Tragedy may be best effected.

Now, since it is requisite to the perfection of a tragedy that its plot should be of the complicated, not of the simple kind, and that it should imitate such actions as excite terror and pity (this being the peculiar property of the tragic imitation), it follows evidently, in the first place, that the change from prosperity to adversity should not be represented as happening to a virtuous character; for this raises disgust rather than terror or compassion. Neither should the contrary change, from adversity to prosperity, be exhibited in a vicious character: this, of all plans, is the most opposite to the genius of tragedy, having no one property that it ought to have; for it is neither gratifying in a moral view, nor affecting, nor terrible. Nor, again, should the fall of a very bad man from prosperous to adverse fortune be represented: because, though such a subject may be pleasing from its moral tendency,

it will produce neither pity nor terror. For our pity is excited by misfortunes undeservedly suffered, and our terror by some resemblance between the sufferer and ourselves. Neither of these effects will, therefore, be produced by such an event.

There remains, then, for our choice, the character between these extremes: that of a person neither eminently virtuous or just, nor yet involved in misfortune by deliberate vice or villany, but by some error of human frailty; and this person should also be some one of high fame and flourishing prosperity. For example, Œdipus, Thyestes, or other illustrious men of such families.

XII.—*Catastrophe should be single, and that unhappy.*

Hence it appears that, to be well constructed, a Fable, contrary to the opinion of some, should be single rather than double; that the change of fortune should not be from adverse to prosperous, but the reverse; and that it should be the consequence, not of vice, but of some great frailty, in a character such as has been described, or better rather than worse.

These principles are confirmed by experience, for poets, formerly, admitted almost any story into the

number of tragic subjects; but now the subjects of the best tragedies are confined to a few families—to Alcmæon, Œdipus, Orestes, Meleager, Thyestes, Telephus, and others, the sufferers or the authors of some terrible calamity.

The most perfect tragedy, then, according to the principles of the art, is of this construction: whence appears the mistake of those critics who censure Euripides for this practice in his tragedies, many of which terminate unhappily; for this, as we have shown, is right. And, as the strongest proof of it, we find that upon the stage and in the dramatic contests such tragedies, if they succeed, have always the most tragic effect; and Euripides, though, in other respects, faulty in the conduct of his subjects, seems clearly to be the most tragic of all poets.

I place in the second rank that kind of Fable to which some assign the first: that which is of a double construction, like the "Odyssey," and also ends in two opposite events, to the good and to the bad characters. That this passes for the best is owing to the weakness of the spectators, to whose wishes the poets accommodate their productions. This kind of pleasure, however, is not the proper pleasure of tragedy, but belongs rather to comedy,

for there, if even the bitterest enemies, like Orestes and Ægisthus, are introduced, they quit the scene at last in perfect friendship, and no blood is shed on either side.

XIII.—*Terror and Pity to be excited by the Action, not by the Decoration.*

Terror and pity may be raised by the Decoration —the mere spectacle; but they may also arise from the circumstances of the action itself, which is far preferable and shows a superior poet. For the Fable should be so constructed, that, without the assistance of the sight, its incidents may excite horror and commiseration in those who hear them only: an effect which every one who hears the fable of the "Œdipus" must experience. But to produce this effect by means of the decoration discovers want of art in the poet, who must also be supplied, by the public, with an expensive apparatus.

As to those poets who make use of the decoration in order to produce, not the terrible, but the marvellous only, their purpose has nothing in common with that of tragedy. For we are not to seek for every sort of pleasure from tragedy, but for that only which is proper to the species.

Since, therefore, it is the business of the tragic poet to give that pleasure which arises from pity and terror, through imitation, it is evident that he ought to produce that effect by the circumstances of the action itself.

XIV.—*Of Disastrous Incidents and their proper Management.*

Let us then see of what kind those incidents are which appear most terrible or piteous.

Now, such actions must, of necessity, happen between persons who are either friends or enemies, or indifferent to each other. If an enemy kills, or purposes to kill, an enemy, in neither case is any commiseration raised in us beyond what necessarily arises from the nature of the action itself.

The case is the same when the persons are neither friends nor enemies. But when such disasters happen between friends—when, for instance, the brother kills or is going to kill his brother, the son his father, the mother her son, or the reverse—these, and others of a similar kind, are the proper incidents for the poet's choice. The received tragic subjects, therefore, he is not at liberty essentially to alter; Clytæmnestra must die

by the hand of Orestes, and Eriphyle by that of Alcmæon; but it is his province to invent other subjects, and to make a skilful use of those which he finds already established. What I mean by a skilful use I proceed to explain.

The atrocious action may be perpetrated knowingly and intentionally, as was usual with the earlier poets, and as Euripides, also, has represented Medea destroying her children.

It may, likewise, be perpetrated by those who are ignorant, at the time, of the connection between them and the injured person, which they afterwards discover; like Œdipus, in Sophocles. There, indeed, the action itself does not make a part of the drama: the "Alcmæon" of Astydamas, and Telegonus in the "Ulysses Wounded," furnish instances within the tragedy.

There is yet a third way, where a person upon the point of perpetrating, through ignorance, some dreadful deed, is prevented by a sudden discovery.

Beside these there is no other proper way. For the action must of necessity be either done or not done, and that either with knowledge or without, but of all these ways, that of being ready to execute, knowingly, and yet not executing, is the worst; for this is, at the same time, shocking and

yet not tragic, because it exhibits no disastrous event. It is, therefore, never, or very rarely, made use of. The attempt of Hæmon to kill Creon in the "Antigone" is an example.

Next to this is the actual execution of the purpose.

To execute, through ignorance, and afterwards to discover, is better: for thus the shocking atrociousness is avoided, and, at the same time, the discovery is striking.

But the best of all these ways is the last. Thus in the tragedy of "Cresphontes," Merope, in the very act of putting her son to death, discovers him and is prevented. In the "Iphigenia" the sister in the same manner discovers her brother; and in the "Helle" the son discovers his mother at the instant when he was going to betray her.

On this account it is that the subjects of tragedy, as before remarked, are confined to a small number of families. For it was not to art, but to fortune, that poets applied themselves to find incidents of this nature. Hence the necessity of having recourse to those families in which such calamities have happened.

Of the Plot or Fable and its requisites enough has now been said.

XV.—*Of the Manners.*

With respect to the Manners four things are to be attended to by the poet.

First and principally, they should be good. Now manners or character belong, as we have said before, to any speech or action that manifests a certain disposition; and they are bad or good as the disposition manifested is bad or good. This goodness of manners may be found in persons of every description; the manners of a woman or of a slave may be good, though, in general, women are, perhaps, rather bad than good, and slaves altogether bad.

The second requisite of the manners is propriety. There is a manly character of bravery and fierceness which cannot, with propriety, be given to a woman.

The third requisite is resemblance; for this is a different thing from their being good and proper, as above described.

The fourth is consistency; for even though the model of the poet's imitation be some person of inconsistent manners, still that person must be represented as consistently inconsistent.

We have an example of manners unnecessarily

bad, in the character of Menelaus in the tragedy of "Orestes;" of improper and unbecoming manners in the lamentation of Ulysses in "Scylla," and in the speech of Menalippe; of inconsistent manners in the "Iphigenia at Aulis;" for there the Iphigenia who supplicates for life has no resemblance to the Iphigenia of the conclusion.

In the Manners, as in the Fable, the poet should always aim, either at what is necessary, or what is probable; so that such a character shall appear to speak or act, necessarily or probably, in such a manner, and this event to be the necessary or probable consequence of that. Hence it is evident that the development also of a fable should arise out of the fable itself, and not depend upon Machinery, as in the "Medea," or in the incidents relative to the return of the Greeks, in the "Iliad." The proper application of Machinery is to such circumstances as are extraneous to the drama; such as either happened before the time of the action, and could not, by human means, be known; or are to happen after, and require to be foretold; for to the Gods we attribute the knowledge of all things. But nothing improbable should be admitted in the incidents of the fable; or, if it cannot be avoided, it should,

at least, be confined to such as are without the tragedy itself; as in the "Œdipus" of Sophocles.

Since Tragedy is an imitation of what is best, we should follow the example of skilful portrait painters; who, while they express the peculiar lineaments, and produce a likeness, at the same time improve upon the original. And thus, too, the poet, when he imitates the manners of passionate men (or of indolent, or any other of a similar kind), should draw an example approaching rather to a good than to a hard and ferocious character: as Achilles is drawn by Agatho and by Homer. These things the poet should keep in view; and, besides these, whatever relates to those senses which have a necessary connection with poetry; for here, also, he may often err. But of this enough has been said in the treatises already published.

XVI.—*Different Kinds of Discovery.*

What is meant by a Discovery has already been explained. Its kinds are the following:—

First, the most inartificial of all, and to which, from poverty of invention, the generality of poets have recourse—the discovery by visible signs. Of these signs, some are natural; as, the lance with

which the family of the earth-born Thebans were marked, or the stars which Carcinus has made use of in his "Thyestes"; others are adventitious, and of these, some are corporal, as scars; some external, as necklaces, bracelets, &c., or the little boat by which the discovery is made in the tragedy of "Tyro." Even these, however, may be employed with more or less skill. The discovery of Ulysses, for example, to his nurse, by means of his scar, is very different from his discovery, by the same means, to the herdsmen. For all those discoveries, in which the sign is produced by way of proof, are inartificial. Those which, like that in the washing of Ulysses, happen suddenly and casually, are better.

Secondly. Discoveries invented at pleasure, by the poet, and, on that account, still inartificial. For example: in the "Iphigenia," Orestes, after having discovered his sister, discovers himself to her. She, indeed, is discovered by the letter; but Orestes by verbal proofs; and these are such, as the poet chooses to make him produce, not such as arise from the circumstances of the fable. This kind of discovery, therefore, borders upon the fault of that first mentioned; for some of the things from which those proofs are drawn are

even such as might have been actually produced as visible signs.

Another instance is the discovery by the sound of the shuttle in the "Tereus" of Sophocles.

Thirdly. The discovery occasioned by memory; as when some recollection is excited by the view of a particular object. Thus, in the "Cyprians" of Dicæogenes, a discovery is produced by tears shed at the sight of a picture; and thus, in the tale of Alcinous, Ulysses, listening to the bard, recollects, weeps, and is discovered.

Fourthly. The discovery occasioned by reasoning or inference; such as that in the "Choëphoræ": "The person who is arrived resembles me—no one resembles me but Orestes—it must be he!" And that of Polyides the Sophist in his "Iphigenia"; for the conclusion of Orestes was natural. "It had been his sister's lot to be sacrificed, and it was now his own!" That, also, in the "Tydeus" of Theodectes:—"He came to find his son, and he himself must perish!" And thus, the daughters of Phineus, in the tragedy named from them, viewing the place to which they were led, infer their fate:—"there they were to die, for there they were exposed!" There is also a compound sort of discovery, arising from

false inference in the audience: as in "Ulysses the False Messenger"; he asserts that he shall know the bow, which he had not seen; the audience falsely infer that a discovery by that means will follow.

But, of all discoveries, the best is that which arises from the action itself, and in which a striking effect is produced by probable incidents. Such is that in the "Œdipus" of Sophocles, and that in the "Iphigenia"; for nothing more natural than her desire of conveying the letter. Such discoveries are the best, because they alone are effected without the help of invented proofs, or bracelets, &c.

Next to these, are the discoveries by inference.

XVII.—*Practical Directions for the Tragic Poet.*

The Poet, both when he plans and when he writes his Tragedy, should put himself as much as possible in the place of a spectator; for by this means, seeing everything distinctly, as if present at the action, he will discern what is proper, and no inconsistencies will escape him. The fault objected to Carcinus is a proof of this. Amphiaraus had left the temple. This the poet, for want of conceiving the action to pass before his eyes, over-

looked; but in the representation the audience were disgusted and the piece condemned.

In composing, the poet should even, as much as possible, be an actor; for by natural sympathy they are most persuasive and affecting who are under the influence of actual passion. We share the agitation of those who appear to be truly agitated; the anger of those who appear to be truly angry.

Hence it is that poetry demands either great natural quickness of parts or an enthusiasm allied to madness. By the first of these we mould ourselves with facility to the imitation of every form; by the other, transported out of ourselves, we become what we imagine.

When the poet invents a subject, he should, first, draw a general sketch of it, and afterwards give it the detail of its episodes and extend it. The general argument, for instance, of the "Iphigenia" should be considered in this way:—"A virgin, on the point of being sacrificed, is imperceptibly conveyed away from the altar and transported to another country, where it was the custom to sacrifice all strangers to Diana. Of these rites she is appointed priestess. It happens, some time after, that her brother arrives there." But why? Because an oracle had com-

manded him, for some reason exterior to the general plan. For what purpose? This also is exterior to the plan. "He arrives, is seized, and, at the instant that he is going to be sacrificed, the discovery is made." And this may be, either in the way of Euripides, or like that of Polyides, by the natural reflection of Orestes, that "it was his fate also, as it had been his sister's, to be sacrificed;" by which exclamation he is saved.

After this the poet, when he has given names to his characters, should proceed to the episodes of his action; and he must take care that these belong properly to the subject; like that of the madness of Orestes, which occasions his being taken, and his escape by means of the ablution. In dramatic poetry the episodes are short; but in the epic they are the means of drawing out the poem to its proper length. The general story of the "Odyssey," for example, lies in a small compass. "A certain man is supposed to be absent from his own country for many years; he is persecuted by Neptune, deprived of all his companions, and left alone. At home his affairs are in disorder—the suitors of his wife dissipating his wealth and plotting the destruction of his son. Tossed by many tempests, he at length arrives, and, making himself known to some of his

family, attacks his enemies, destroys them, and remains himself in safety." This is the essential; the rest is episode.

XVIII.—*Complication and Development of the Plot*

Every Tragedy consists of two parts—the Complication and the Development. The Complication is often formed by incidents supposed prior to the action, and by a part also of those that are within the action; the rest form the development. I call Complication all that is between the beginning of the piece and the last part, where the change of fortune commences; Development all between the beginning of that change and the conclusion. Thus in the "Lynceus" of Theodectes the events antecedent to the action and the seizure of the child constitute the complication; the development is from the accusation of murder to the end.

XIX.—*Different Kinds of Tragedy.*

There are four kinds of Tragedy, deducible from so many parts, which have been mentioned. One kind is the Complicated; where all depends on revolution and discovery. Another is the Disastrous, such as those on the subject of "Ajax" or

"Ixion." Another, the Moral, as the "Phthiotides" and the "Peleus." And, fourthly, the Simple, such as the "Phorcides," the "Prometheus," and all those tragedies the scene of which is laid in the infernal regions.

It should be the poet's aim to make himself master of all these manners; of as many of them, at least, as possible, and those the best: especially considering the captious criticism to which in these days he is exposed. For the public, having now seen different poets excel in each of these different kinds, expect every single poet to unite in himself and to surpass the peculiar excellences of them all.

One tragedy may justly be considered as the same with another, or different, not according as the subjects, but rather according as the complication and development are the same or different. Many poets, when they have complicated well, develop badly. They should endeavour to deserve equal applause in both.

XX.—*Too great Extent of Plan to be avoided.*

We must also be attentive to what has been often mentioned, and not construct a Tragedy upon an Epic plan. By an epic plan I mean a fable composed of many fables; as if any one, for instance,

should take the entire fable of the "Iliad" for the subject of a tragedy. In the Epic Poem the length of the whole admits of a proper magnitude in the parts; but in the Drama the effect of such a plan is far different from what is expected. As a proof of this, those poets who have formed the whole of the destruction of Troy into a tragedy, instead of confining themselves (as Euripides, but not Æschylus, has done in the story of Niobe) to a part, have either been condemned in the representation or have contended without success. Even Agatho has failed on this account, and on this only; for in revolutions, and in actions also of the simple kind, these poets succeed wonderfully in what they aim at; and that is, the union of tragic effect with moral tendency. As when, for example, a character of great wisdom, but without integrity, is deceived, like Sisyphus, or a brave, but unjust man, conquered. Such events, as Agatho says, are probable, "as it is probable, in general, that many things should happen contrary to probability."

XXI.—*Of the Chorus.*

The Chorus should be considered as one of the persons in the drama; should be a part of the whole and a sharer in the action. Not as in Euri-

pides, but as in Sophocles. As for other poets, their choral songs have no more connection with their subject than with that of any other tragedy; and hence they are now become detached pieces, inserted at pleasure; a practice first introduced by Agatho. Yet where is the difference between this arbitrary insertion of an ode and the transposition of a speech, or even of a whole episode, from one tragedy to another?

XXII.—*Of the Sentiments.*

Of the other parts of tragedy enough has now been said. We are next to consider the Diction and the Sentiments.

For what concerns the Sentiments, we refer to the principles laid down in the books on rhetoric, for to that subject they more properly belong. The sentiments include whatever is the object of speech; as, for instance, to prove, to confute, to move the passions—pity, terror, anger, and the like; to amplify, or to diminish. But it is evident that, with respect to the things themselves also, when the poet would make them appear pitiable, or terrible, or great, or probable, he must draw from the same sources; with this difference only, that in the drama these things must appear to be

such without being shown to be such; whereas in oratory they must be made to appear so by the speaker, and in consequence of what he says: otherwise, what need of an orator, if they already appear so in themselves and not through his eloquence?

XXIII.—*Of the Diction.* (*To the end of Part II.*)

With respect to Diction, one part of its theory is that which treats of the figures of speech, such as commanding, entreating, relating, menacing, interrogating, answering, and the like. But this belongs, properly, to the art of acting, and to the professed masters of that kind. The Poet's knowledge or ignorance of these things cannot any way materially affect the credit of his art. For who will suppose there is any justice in the cavil of Protagoras—that, in the words, "The wrath, O goddess, sing," the poet, where he intended a prayer, had expressed a command; for he insists that to say, Do this, or do it not, is to command. This subject, therefore, we pass over, as belonging to an art distinct from that of poetry.

XXIV.—*Analysis of Diction, or Language in general.*

To all Diction belong the following parts.—The letter, the syllable, the conjunction, the noun, the verb, the article, the case, the discourse or speech.

1. A Letter is an indivisible sound; yet not all such sounds are letters, but those only that are capable of forming an intelligible sound. For there are indivisible sounds of brute creatures; but no such sounds are called letters. Letters are of three kinds: vowels, semi-vowels, and mutes. The vowel is that which has a distinct sound without articulation, as *a* or *o*. The semi-vowel, that which has a distinct sound with articulation, as *s* and *r*. The mute, that which, with articulation, has yet no sound by itself; but, joined with one of those letters that have some sound, becomes audible, as *g* and *d*. These all differ from each other, as they are produced by different configurations, and in different parts, of the mouth; as they are aspirated or smooth, long or short; as their tone is acute, grave, or intermediate: the detail of all which is the business of the metrical treatises.

2. A Syllable is a sound without signification, composed of a mute and a vowel; for *g r*, without

a, is not a syllable; with *a*, as *g r a*, it is. But these differences also are the subject of the metrical art.

3. A Conjunction is a sound without signification, ... of such a nature as, out of several sounds, each of them significant, to form one significant sound.

4. An Article is a sound without signification, which marks the beginning or the end of a sentence, or distinguishes, as when we say, Τὸ φημὶ, or Τὸ περὶ, &c.

5. A Noun is a sound composed of other sounds; significant, without expression of time, and of which no part is by itself significant; for even in double words the parts are not taken in the sense that separately belongs to them. Thus, in the word Theodorus, dorus is not significant.

6. A Verb is a sound composed of other sounds; significant—with expression of time—and of which, as of the noun, no part is by itself significant. Thus, in the words, man, white, indication of time is not included; in the words, he walks, he walked, &c., it is included; the one expressing the present time, the other the past.

7. Cases belong to nouns and verbs. Some cases express relation, as, of, to, and the like;

others number, as man, or men, &c. Others relate to action or pronunciation, as those of interrogation, of command, &c.; for ἐβάδισεν (did he go?) and βάδιζε (go) are verbal cases of that kind.

8. Discourse, or speech, is a sound significant composed of other sounds, some of which are significant by themselves; for all discourse is not composed of verbs and nouns—the definition of man, for instance. Discourse, or speech, may subsist without a verb; some significant part, however, it must contain: significant as the word, Cleon, is in "Cleon walks."

A discourse or speech is one in two senses, either as it signifies one thing or several things made one by conjunction. Thus, the 'Iliad' is one by conjunction, the definition of man by signifying one thing.

XXV.—*Different Kinds of Words*

Of words, some are single—by which I mean composed of parts not significant—and some double; of which last some have one part significant and the other not significant, and some both parts significant. A word may also be triple, quadruple, &c., like many of those used by the Megaliotæ, as *Hermocaïcoxanthus*. Every word is either

common, or foreign, or metaphorical, or ornamental, or invented, or extended, or contracted, or altered.

By common words I mean such as are in general and established use; by foreign, such as belong to a different language: so that the same word may evidently be both common and foreign, though not to the same people. The word Σιγύνον to the Cyprians is common, to us foreign.

A metaphorical word is a word transferred from its proper sense; either from genus to species, or from species to genus, or from one species to another, or in the way of analogy.

1. From genus to species, as:

"Secure in yonder port my vessel stands."

For to be at anchor is one species of standing or being fixed.

2. From species to genus, as:

"to Ulysses,
A thousand generous deeds we owe."

For a thousand is a certain definite many, which is here used for many in general.

3. From one species to another, as:

Χαλκῷ ἀπὸ ψυχὴν ἐρύσας.
(The brazen falchion drew away his life.)

And,

Τάμ' ἀτειρέϊ χαλκῷ.
(Cut by the ruthless sword.)

For here the poet uses ταμεῖν, to cut off, instead of ἐρυσαι, to draw forth, and ἐρυσαι instead of ταμεῖν: each being a species of taking away.

4. In the way of analogy—when, of four terms, the second bears the same relation to the first, as the fourth to the third; in which case, the fourth may be substituted for the second, and the second for the fourth. And sometimes the proper term is also introduced besides its relative term.

Thus, a cup bears the same relation to Bacchus as a shield to Mars. A shield, therefore, may be called the cup of Mars, and a cup the shield of Bacchus. Again, evening being to day, what old age is to life, the evening may be called the old age of the day, and old age, the evening of life; or, as Empedocles has expressed it, "Life's setting sun." It sometimes happens, that there is no proper analogous term, answering to the term borrowed; which yet may be used in the same manner, as if there were. For instance: to sow, is the term appropriated to the action of dispersing seed upon the earth; but the dispersion of rays from the sun is expressed by no appropriated term;

it is, however, with respect to the sun's light, what sowing is with respect to seed. Hence the poet's expression of the sun—

"—sowing abroad
His heaven-created flame."

There is, also, another way of using this kind of metaphor, by adding to the borrowed word a negation of some of those qualities which belong to it in in its proper sense: as if, instead of calling a shield the cup of Mars, we should call it the wineless cup.

An invented word is a word never before used by any one, but coined by the poet himself; for such, it appears, there are; as ἐονύας for κέρατα, horns, or ἀρητήρ for ἱερεύς, a priest.

A word is extended, when for the proper vowel a longer is substituted, or a syllable is inserted. A word is contracted when some part of it is retrenched. Thus, πόληος, for πόλεως, and Πηληιάδεω for Πηλείδου, are extended words, contracted, such as κρι, and δω, and ουψ, *e.g.*—

—μία γίγνεται ἀμφοτέρων δψ.

An altered word is a word of which part remains in its usual state, and part is of the poet's making: as in,

δεξιτερὸν κατὰ μαζόν,

δεξιτερήν is for δεξιόν.

Further, nouns are divided into masculine, feminine, and neuter. The masculine are those which end in ν, ρ, σ, or in some letter compounded of σ and a mute; these are two, ψ and ξ. The feminine are those which end in the vowels always long, as η, or ω; or, in α, of the doubtful vowels: so that the masculine and the feminine terminations are equal in number; for as to ψ and ξ, they are the same with terminations in σ. No noun ends in a mute, or a short vowel. There are but three ending in ι: μέλι, κόμμι, πέπερι: five ending in υ: πῶϋ, νᾶπυ, γόνυ, δόρυ, ἄστυ.

The neuter terminate in these two last-mentioned vowels, and in ν and σ.

XXVI.—*Of Poetic Diction.*

The excellence of diction consists in being perspicuous without being mean. The most perspicuous is that which is composed of common words; but, at the same time, it is mean. Such is the poetry of Cleophon, and that of Sthenelus. That language, on the contrary, is elevated, and remote from the vulgar idiom, which employs unusual words: by unusual, I mean, foreign, metaphorical, extended—all, in short, that are not common words. Yet, should a poet compose his diction entirely of

such words, the result would be, either an enigma, or a barbarous jargon: an enigma, if composed of metaphors; a barbarous jargon, if composed of foreign words. For the essence of an enigma consists in putting together things apparently inconsistent and impossible, and, at the same time, saying nothing but what is true. Now this cannot be effected by the mere arrangement of the words; by the metaphorical use of them, it may; as in this enigma:

"A man I once beheld (and wondering viewed),
Who, on another, brass with fire had glued."*

With respect to barbarism, it arises from the use of foreign words. A judicious intermixture is, therefore, requisite.

Thus, the foreign word, the metaphorical, the ornamental, and the other species before mentioned, will raise the language above the vulgar idiom, and common words will give it perspicuity. But nothing contributes more considerably to produce clearness, without vulgarity of diction, than extensions, contractions, and alterations of words: for here, the variation from the proper form being unusual, will give elevation to the expression; and, at the same time, what is retained of usual speech will

* *Answer:*—The operation of cupping; with brazen cups.

give it clearness. It is without reason, therefore, that some critics have censured these modes of speech, and ridiculed the poet for the use of them; as old Euclid did, objecting, that "versification would be an easy business, if it were permitted to lengthen words at pleasure:" and then giving a burlesque example of that sort of diction.

Undoubtedly, when these licenses appear to be thus purposely used, the thing becomes ridiculous. In the employment of all the species of unusual words, moderation is necessary: for metaphors, foreign words, or any of the others, improperly used, and with a design to be ridiculous,—would produce the same effect. But how great a difference is made by a proper and temperate use of such words, may be seen in heroic verse. Let any one only substitute common words in the place of the metaphorical, the foreign, and others of the same kind, and he will be convinced of the truth of what I say. For example: the same iambic verse occurs in Æschylus and in Euripides; but, by means of a single alteration—the substitution of a foreign, for a common and usual word, one of these verses appears beautiful, the other ordinary. For Æschylus, in his "Philoctetes," says:

"Lo, on my foot a wasting ulcer feeds."

But Euripides, instead of "feeds" has written "feasts."

The same difference will appear, if, in this verse,

Νῦν δέ μ' ἐὼν ὀλίγος τε καὶ οὐτιδανὸς καὶ ἄκικυς,

we substitute common words, and say,

Νῦν δέ μ' ἐὼν μικρός τε καὶ ἀσθενικὸς καὶ ἀειδής.

So, again, should we for the following—

Δίφρον ἀεικέλιον καταθεὶς, ὀλίγην τε τράπεζαν,

substitute this—

Δίφρον μοχθηρὸν καταθεὶς, μικράν τε τράπεζαν.

Or change Ἠιόνες *βοόωσιν* (the cliffs rebellow) to Ἠιόνες *κράζουσιν* (the cliffs croak or screech).

Ariphrades also endeavoured to throw ridicule upon the tragic poets, for making use of such expressions as no one would think of using in common speech—as *δωμάτων ἄπο*, instead of *ἀπὸ δωμάτων*; and *σέθεν*, and *ἐγὼ δέ νιν*, and Ἀχιλλέως *πέρι*, instead of *περὶ* Ἀχιλλέως, &c. Now it is precisely owing to their being not in common use that such expressions have the effect of giving elevation to the diction. But this he did not know.

To employ with propriety any of these modes of

speech—the double words, the foreign, &c.—is a great excellence. But the greatest of all is to be happy in the use of metaphor; for it is this alone which cannot be acquired, and which, consisting in a quick discernment of resemblances, is a certain mark of genius.

Of the different kinds of words, the double are best suited to dithyrambic poetry, the foreign to heroic, the metaphorical to iambic. In heroic poetry, indeed, they have all their place; but to iambic verse, which is, as much as may be, an imitation of common speech, those words which are used in common speech are best adapted, and such are—the common, the metaphorical, and the ornamental.

Concerning Tragedy, and the Imitation by Action, enough has now been said.

PART III.

OF THE EPIC POEM.

I.—*In what Epic and Tragic Poetry agree.*

With respect to that species of Poetry which imitates by Narration and in hexameter verse, it is obvious that the fable ought to be dramatically constructed, like that of tragedy, and that it should have for its subject one entire and perfect action, having a beginning, a middle, and an end; so that, forming, like an animal, a complete whole, it may afford its proper pleasure, widely differing in its construction from history, which necessarily treats not of one action, but of one time, and of all the events that happened to one person, or to many, during that time—events the relation of which to each other is merely casual. For, as the naval action at Salamis, and the battle with the Carthaginians in Sicily, were events of the same time, unconnected by any relation to a common end or purpose, so also, in successive events, we sometimes see one thing follow another without being connected to it by such relation. And this is the practice of the generality of poets. Even in this, therefore, as we have before observed, the su-

periority of Homer's genius is apparent—that he did not attempt to bring the whole war, though an entire action with beginning and end, into his poem. It would have been too vast an object, and not easily comprehended in one view; or had he forced it into a moderate compass, it would have been perplexed by its variety. Instead of this, selecting one part only of the war, he has from the rest introduced many episodes—such as the catalogue of the ships, and others—by which he has diversified his poem. Other poets take for their subject the actions of one person, or of one period of time; or an action which, though one, is composed of too many parts. Thus the author of the "Cypriacs" and of the "Little Iliad." Hence it is that the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," each of them furnish matter for one tragedy, or two at most; but from the "Cypriacs" many may be taken, and from the "Little Iliad" more than eight, as the Contest for the Armour, Philoctetes, Neoptolemus, Eurypylus, the Vagrant, the Spartan Women, the Fall of Troy, the Return of the Fleet, Sinon, and the Trojan Women.

Again, the Epic Poem must also agree with the tragic as to its kinds—it must be simple, or compliicated, moral, or disastrous. Its parts also,

setting aside music and decoration, are the same, for it requires revolutions, discoveries, and disasters, and it must be furnished with proper sentiments and diction, of all which Homer gave both the first and the most perfect example. Thus, of his two poems, the "Iliad" is of the simple and disastrous kind, the "Odyssey" complicated (for it abounds throughout with discoveries) and moral. Add to this, that in language and sentiments he has surpassed all poets.

II.—*In what they differ.*

The Epic Poem differs from Tragedy in the length of its plan and in its metre.

With respect to length, a sufficient measure has already been assigned. It should be such as to admit of our comprehending at one view the beginning and the end; and this would be the case if the epic poem were reduced from its ancient length, so as not to exceed that of such a number of tragedies as are performed successively at one hearing. But there is a circumstance in the nature of epic poetry which affords it peculiar latitude in the extension of its plan. It is not in the power of tragedy to imitate several different actions performed at the same time; it can imitate only that

one which occupies the stage, and in which the actors are employed. But the epic imitation, being narrative, admits of many such simultaneous incidents properly related to the subject, which swell the poem to a considerable size.

And this gives it a great advantage, both in point of magnificence, and also as it enables the poet to relieve his hearer, and diversify his work, by a variety of dissimilar episodes; for it is to the satiety naturally arising from similarity that tragedies frequently owe their ill success.

With respect to metre, the heroic is established by experience as the most proper; so that should any one compose a narrative poem in any other, or in a variety of metres, he would be thought guilty of a great impropriety. For the heroic is the gravest and most majestic of all measures; and hence it is that it peculiarly admits the use of foreign and metaphorical expressions. For in this respect also the narrative imitation is abundant and various beyond the rest. But the iambic and trochaic have more motion; the latter being adapted to dance, the other to action and business. To mix these different metres, as Chæremon has done, would be still more absurd. No one, therefore, has ever attempted to compose a poem of an extended plan

in any other than heroic verse; nature itself, as we before observed, pointing out the proper choice.

III.—*Epic Narration should be dramatic and imitative.*

Among the many just claims of Homer to our praise, this is one, that he is the only poet who seems to have understood what part in his poem it was proper for him to take himself. The poet, in his own person, should speak as little as possible, for he is not then the imitator. But other poets, ambitious to figure throughout themselves, imitate but little, and seldom. Homer, after a few preparatory lines, immediately introduces a man, a woman, or some other character; for all have their character—nowhere are the Manners neglected.

IV.—*Epic admits the Wonderful more easily, and in a greater degree than Tragedy.*

The surprising is necessary in Tragedy; but the Epic Poem goes farther, and admits even the improbable and incredible, from which the highest degree of the surprising results, because there the action is not seen. The circumstances, for example, of the pursuit of Hector by Achilles are such as, upon the stage, would appear ridiculous — the

Grecian army standing still and taking no part in the pursuit, and Achilles making signs to them, by the motion of his head, not to interfere. But in the epic poem this escapes our notice. Now the wonderful always pleases, as is evident from the additions which men always make in relating anything in order to gratify the hearers.

V.—*Fiction, how made to pass as Truth.*

It is from Homer principally that other poets have learned the art of feigning well. It consists in a sort of sophism. When one thing is observed to be constantly accompanied or followed by another, men are apt to conclude that if the latter is or has happened, the former must also be or must have happened. But this is an error. . . . For, knowing the latter to be true, the mind is betrayed into the false inference that the first is true also.

VI.—*Of the Improbable and Absurd.*

The poet should prefer impossibilities which appear probable, to such things as, though possible, appear improbable. Far from producing a plan made up of improbable incidents, he should, if possible, admit no one circumstance of that kind; or if he does it should be exterior to the action itself,

like the ignorance of Œdipus concerning the manner in which Laius died; not within the drama, like the narrative of what happened at the Pythian games in the "Electra;" or in "The Mysians;" the man who travels from Tegea to Mysia without speaking. To say that without these circumstances the fable would have been destroyed is a ridiculous excuse. The poet should take care, from the first, not to construct his fable in that manner. If, however, anything of this kind has been admitted, and yet is made to pass under some colour of probability, it may be allowed, though even in itself absurd. Thus in the "Odyssey" the improbable account of the manner in which Ulysses was landed upon the shore of Ithaca is such as, in the hands of an ordinary poet, would evidently have been intolerable. But here the absurdity is concealed under the various beauties of other kinds, with which the poet has embellished it.

The Diction should be most laboured in the idle parts of the poem—those in which neither manners nor sentiments prevail; for the manners and the sentiments are only obscured by a too splendid diction.

PART IV.

OF CRITICAL OBJECTIONS, AND THE PRINCIPLES ON WHICH THEY ARE TO BE ANSWERED.

I.—*Principles on which Poetry is to be defended.*

With respect to critical objections and the answers to them, the number and nature of the different sources from which they may be drawn will be clearly understood, if we consider them in the following manner :—

1. The poet, being an imitator, like the painter or any other artist of that kind, must necessarily, when he imitates, have in view one of these three objects : he must represent things such as they were or are, or such as they are said to be and believed to be, or such as they should be.

2. Again, all this he is to express in words, either common or foreign and metaphorical; or varied by some of those many modifications and peculiarities of language which are the privilege of poets.

3. To this we must add, that what is right in the poetic art is a distinct consideration from what is right in the political or any other art. The faults of poetry are of two kinds, essential and

accidental. If the poet has undertaken to imitate without talents for imitation, his poetry will be essentially faulty. But if he is right in applying himself to poetic imitation, yet in imitating is occasionally wrong; as if a horse, for example, were represented moving both his right legs at once, or, if he has committed mistakes, or described things impossible, with respect to other arts, that of physic, for instance, or any other, all such faults, whatever they may be, are not essential, but accidental, faults in the poetry.

II.—*Application of the last Principle.*

To the foregoing considerations, then, we must have recourse, in order to obviate the doubts and objections of the critics.

For, in the first place, suppose the poet to have represented things impossible with respect to some other art: This is certainly a fault. Yet it may be an excusable fault, provided the end of the poet's art be more effectually obtained by it—that is, according to what has already been said of that end, if, by this means, that or any other part of the poem is made to produce a more striking effect. The pursuit of Hector is an instance. If, indeed, this end might as well, or nearly as well, have been

attained without departing from the principles of the particular art in question, the fault, in that case, could not be justified, since faults of every kind should, if possible, be avoided.

Still, we are to consider further whether a fault be in things essential to the poetic art or foreign and incidental to it; for it is a far more pardonable fault to be ignorant, for instance, that a hind has no horns than to paint one badly.

III.—*Application of the first Principle.*

Further: If it be objected to the poet that he has not represented things conformably to truth, he may answer, that he has represented them as they should be. This was the answer of Sophocles, that "he drew mankind such as they should be; Euripides, such as they are." And this is the proper answer.

But if the poet has represented things in neither of these ways, he may answer, that he has represented them as they are said and believed to be. Of this kind are the poetical descriptions of the gods. It cannot, perhaps, be said that they are either what is best or what is true; but, as Xenophanes says, opinions "taken up at random," these are things, however, not "clearly known."

Again, what the poet has exhibited is, perhaps, not what is best, but it is the fact; as in the passage about the arms of the sleeping soldiers:—

"fixed upright in the earth
Their spears stood by."

For such was the custom at that time, as it is now among the Illyrians.

IV.—*Censure of immoral Speech or Action, how to be examined.*

In order to judge whether what is said or done by any character be well or ill we are not to consider that speech or action alone; whether in itself it be good or bad, but also by whom it is spoken or done, to whom, at what time, in what manner, or for what end; whether, for instance, in order to obtain some greater good, or to avoid some greater evil.

V.—*Application of the second Principle.*

For the solution of some objections we must have recourse to the diction. For example:—

οὐρῆας μὲν πρῶτον—

"On mules and dogs the infection first began."

POPE.

This may be defended by saying that the poet has, perhaps, used the word ὀυρῆας in its foreign acceptation of sentinels, not in its proper sense, of mules.

So also in the passage where it is said of Dolon :—

εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός.
"Of form unhappy."

The meaning is not that his person was deformed, but that his face was ugly; for the Cretans use the word εὐειδὲς, well-formed, to express a beautiful face.

Again :—

ζωρότερον δὲ κέρασε.

Here the meaning is not "mix it strong," as for intemperate drinkers, but "mix it quickly."

2. The following passages may be defended by metaphor :—

"Now pleasing sleep had sealed each mortal eye
Stretched in the tents the Grecian leaders lie;
The immortals slumbered on their thrones above."
POPE.

Again :—

"When on the Trojan plain his anxious eye
Watchful he fixed."

And—

Αὐλῶν συρίγγων θ' ὁμαδόν.

For "all" is put metaphorically instead of "many," all being a species of many.

Here also:—

"The bear alone,
Still shines exalted in th' ætherial plain,
Nor bathes his flaming forehead in the main."

"Alone" is metaphorical: the most remarkable thing in any kind we speak of as the only one.

We may have recourse also,

3. To accent, as the following passage—

δίδομεν δέ οἱ—

And this—τὸ μὲν οὐ καταπύθεται ὕμβρῳ—were defended by Hippias of Thasos.

4. To punctuation, as in this passage of Empedocles:—

Αἶψα δὲ θνήτ' ἐφύοντο τὰ πρὶν μάθον ἀθάνατ' εἶναι,
ζωρά τε πρὶν κέκρητο,

i.e. "Things, before immortal,
Mortal became, and mixed before unmixed,
Their courses changed."

5. To ambiguity, as in παρῴχηκεν δὲ πλέων νύξ, where the word πλέων is ambiguous.

6. To customary speech: thus, wine mixed with water, or whatever is poured out to drink as wine, is called οἶνος, wine; hence Ganymede is said Διὶ οἰνοχοεύειν, to "pour the wine to Jove," though wine is not the liquor of the gods. This, however, may also be defended by metaphor.

Thus, again, artificers in iron are called Χαλκεῖς, literally, braziers. Of this kind is the expression of the poet—Κνημὶς νεοπεύκτου κασσιτέροιο.

7. When a word, in any passage, appears to express a contradiction, we must consider in how many different senses it may there be taken. Here, for instance:—

—τῇ ῥ ἔσχετο χάλκεον ἔγχος—
"There stuck the lance."—POPE.

the meaning is, was stopped only, or repelled.

Of how many different senses a word is capable may best be discovered by considering the different senses that are opposed to it.

We may also say, with Glauco, that some critics, first take things for granted without foundation, and then argue from these previous decisions of their own; and, having once pronounced their judgment, condemn, as an inconsistence, whatever is contrary to their preconceived opinion. Of this

kind is the cavil of the critics concerning Icarius. Taking it for granted that he was a Lacedæmonian, they thence infer the absurdity of supposing Telemachus not to have seen him when he went to Lacedæmon. But, perhaps, what the Cephalenians say may be the truth. They assert, that the wife of Ulysses was of their country, and that the name of her father was not Icarius, but Icadius. The objection itself, therefore, is probably founded on a mistake.

VI.—*Censure of Impossibility further considered.*

The Impossible, in general, is to be justified by referring, either to the end of poetry itself, or to what is best, or to opinion.

For, with respect to poetry, impossibilities, rendered probable, are preferable to things improbable, though possible.

With respect also to what is best, the imitations of poetry should resemble the paintings of Zeuxis; the example should be more perfect than nature.

To opinion, or what is commonly said to be, may be referred even such things as are improbable and absurd; and it may also be said, that events of that kind are, sometimes, not really improbable;

since "it is probable, that many things should happen contrary to probability."

VII.—*Inconsistence.*

When things are said which appear to be contradictory, we must examine them as we do in logical confutation: whether the same thing be spoken of; whether in the same respect, and in the same sense.

VIII.—*Improbability and vicious Character.*

Improbability, and vicious manners, when excused by no necessity, are just objects of critical censure. Such is the improbability in the "Ægeus" of Euripides, and the vicious character of Menelaus in his "Orestes."

Thus, the sources from which the critics draw their objections are five: they object to things as impossible, or improbable, or of immoral tendency, or contradictory, or contrary to technical accuracy. The answers, which are twelve in number, may be deduced from what has been said.

PART V.

OF THE SUPERIORITY OF TRAGIC TO EPIC POETRY.

I.—*Objection to Tragedy.*

It may be inquired, further, which of the two imitations, the Epic, or the Tragic, deserves the preference.

If that which is the least vulgar, or popular, of the two, be the best, and that be such which is calculated for the better sort of spectators—the imitation which extends to every circumstance must, evidently, be the most vulgar, or popular; for there, the imitators have recourse to every kind of motion and gesticulation, as if the audience, without the aid of action, were incapable of understanding them; like bad flute-players, who whirl themselves round when they would imitate the motion of the discus, and pull the coryphæus when Scylla is the subject. Such is Tragedy. It may also be compared to what the modern actors are in the estimation of their predecessors; for Myniscus used to call Callipides, on account of his intemperate action, the ape; and Tyndarus was censured on the same account. What these performers are with respect to their predecessors, the tragic imitation,

when entire, is to the epic. The latter, then, it is urged, addresses itself to hearers of the better sort, to whom the addition of gesture is superfluous: but tragedy is for the people; and being, therefore, the most vulgar kind of imitation, is evidently the inferior.

II.—*The Objection answered.*

But now, in the first place, this censure falls, not upon the poet's art, but upon that of the actor; for the gesticulation may be equally laboured in the recitation of an epic poem, as it was by Sosistratus; and in singing, as by Mnasitheus, the Opuntian.

Again—all gesticulation is not to be condemned; since even all dancing is not; but such only, as is unbecoming—such as was objected to Callipides, and is now objected to others, whose gestures resemble those of immodest women.

Further—Tragedy, as well as the Epic, is capable of producing its effect even without action; we can judge of it perfectly by reading. If, then, in other respects, tragedy be superior, it is sufficient that the fault here objected is not essential to it.

III.—*Advantages of Tragedy.*

Tragedy has the advantage in the following respects:—It possesses all that is possessed by the Epic; it might even adopt its metre: and to this it makes no inconsiderable addition in the music and the decoration; by the latter of which the illusion is heightened, and the pleasure arising from the action is rendered more sensible and striking.

It has the advantage of greater clearness and distinctness of impression, as well in reading as in representation.

It has also that of attaining the end of its imitation in a shorter compass; for the effect is more pleasurable when produced by a short and close series of impressions, than when weakened by diffusion through a long extent of time, as the "Œdipus" of Sophocles, for example, would be if it were drawn out to the length of the "Iliad."

Further, there is less unity in all epic imitation, as appears from this—that any epic poem will furnish matter for several tragedies. For, supposing the poet to choose a fable strictly one, the consequence must be either that his poem, if pro-

portionably contracted, will appear curtailed and defective, or, if extended to the usual length, will become weak, and, as it were, diluted. If, on the other hand, we suppose him to employ several fables—that is, a fable composed of several actions —his imitation is no longer strictly One. The "Iliad," for example, and the "Odyssey" contain many such subordinate parts, each of which has a certain magnitude and unity of its own; yet is the construction of those poems as perfect, and as nearly approaching to the imitation of a single action, as possible.

IV.—*Preference of Tragedy.*

If, then, Tragedy be superior to the Epic in all these respects, and also in the peculiar end at which it aims (for each species ought to afford, not any sort of pleasure indiscriminately, but such only as has been pointed out), it evidently follows that tragedy, as it attains more effectually the end of the art itself, must deserve the preference.

Conclusion.

And thus much concerning Tragic and Epic poetry in general and their several species, the

number and the differences of their parts, the causes of their beauties and their defects, the censures of critics, and the principles on which they are to be answered.

LONGINUS ON THE SUBLIME.

JAC
808.1
Lon/Sub

LONGINUS ON THE SUBLIME.

I.—You know, my dear Terentianus, that when we perused Cecilius's pamphlet on the Sublime together, we thought it below a subject of that magnitude, that it was entirely defective in its principal branches, and that its advantage to readers, which ought to be the principal aim of every writer, would prove very small. Besides, though in every scientific treatise two points are required; the first, that the nature of the subject treated of be fully explained; the second, I mean in order of writing, since in importance it is superior, that directions be given how and by what methods the object sought may be attained: yet Cecilius, who brings ten thousand instances to show what the Sublime is, as if his readers were ignorant of the matter, has somehow or other omitted, as unnecessary, the discipline that might enable us to raise our natural genius in any degree whatever to this Sublime. But, perhaps, this writer is not so much to be blamed for his

omissions as commended for the mere conception of the idea, and his earnest endeavours. You, indeed, have exhorted me also by all means to set down my thoughts on this Sublime, on your own account; let us, then, consider whether anything can be drawn from my private studies, for the service of those who write for the world, or speak in public.

But you, my friend, will give me your judgment on whatever I advance with that exactness which is due to truth, and that sincerity which is habitual to you. For well did the sage answer the question, "In what do we most resemble the gods?" when he replied, "In doing good and speaking truth." But since I write, my friend, to you, who are thoroughly versed in polite learning, there will be little occasion to use many previous words in proving that the Sublime is a certain excellence and perfection of language, and that the greatest writers, both in verse and prose, have by this alone obtained the prize of glory, and clothed their renown with immortality. For the grand not only persuades, but even transports an audience. And the admirable by its astounding effect is always more efficacious than that which merely persuades or delights; for in most cases it rests wholly with

ourselves either to resist or yield to persuasion. But these, by the application of a sovereign power and irresistible might, get the ascendency over every hearer. Again, dexterity of invention, and good order and economy in composition, are not to be discerned from one or two passages, and sometimes hardly from the whole texture of a discourse; but the sublime, when uttered in due season, with the lightning's force scatters all before it in an instant, and shows at once the might of genius in a single stroke. For in these, and truths like these, experimentally conversant as you are with them, you might, my dearest Terentianus, be the instructor of others yourself.

II.—But we ought not to advance before we clear the point whether or not there be any Art in the sublime or the pathetic. For some are of opinion that they are altogether mistaken who would reduce it to the rules of art. "The sublime (say they) is born with us, and is not to be learned by precept. The only art to reach it is to have the power from Nature." And, as they reason, the productions of Nature are deteriorated and altogether enervated by the emaciating effects of artistic rules.

But I maintain that the contrary might easily appear would they only reflect that, though Nature for the most part challenges a sovereign and uncontrollable power in the pathetic and sublime, yet she is not altogether lawless, but delights in a proper regulation. That again, though she is in every case the foundation, and the primary source, and original pattern of production, yet method is able to determine and adjust the measures, and discriminate the season in each thing, and moreover to teach the cultivation and use of them with the greatest degree of certainty. And further, that flights of grandeur are more exposed to danger when abandoned to themselves, without the aid of science, and having nothing to give them steadiness or equipoise, but left to blind impulse alone and untutored daring. For they often, indeed, want the spur, but they stand as frequently in need of the curb.

Demosthenes somewhere judiciously observes, "That in common life success is the greatest good; that the next, and no less important, is conduct, without which the other must be unavoidably of short continuance." Now the same may be asserted of composition, where Nature supplies the place of success, and art the place of conduct.

But there is one consideration which deserves particular attention: for the very fact that there is anything in eloquence which depends upon Nature alone, could not be known without that light which we receive from art. If, therefore, as I said before, he who censures them that pursue such useful literary labours as this in which I am now engaged, would give due attention to these reflections, I believe he would no longer think an investigation of this nature superfluous or useless.

III.—

"Let them the chimney's flashing flames repel.
Could but these eyes one lurking wretch arrest,
I'd whirl aloft one streaming curl of flame,
And into embers turn his crackling roof.
But now a generous song I have not sounded."

Streaming curls of flame, spewing against heaven, and making Boreas a piper, with such-like expressions, are not tragical, but super-tragical; for the diction is coarse and turbid, and the images are jumbled and tumultuous, and therefore cannot possibly adorn or raise the subject; and whenever carefully examined in the light, their show of being terrible gradually disappears, and they become contemptible and ridiculous. Tragedy will indeed, by its nature, admit of some pomp and grandiloquence, yet even in tragedy it is unpardonable

to swell immoderately; much less allowable must it therefore be in prose-writing, or those works which are founded in truth. Upon this account some expressions of Gorgias the Leontine are ridiculed, who styles Xerxes the Persian Jupiter, and calls vultures living sepulchres. Some expressions of Callisthenes deserve the same treatment, for they are not Sublime, but Inflated. And Clitarchus comes under this censure still more, who is like a tree all bark, and who blows, as Sophocles expresses it, "on small pipes, but without a mouth-piece."

Amphicrates, Hegesias, and Matris, may all be taxed with the same imperfections; for often when, in their own opinion, they are all divine, what they imagine to be inspiration proves empty froth.

Upon the whole, bombast seems to be amongst those faults which are most difficult to be avoided; for all who are naturally inclined to aim at grandeur, in shunning the censure of impotence and phlegm, are somehow or other hurried into this fault, being persuaded that

"In great attempts 'tis glorious ev'n to fall."

But tumours in writing, like those in the human body, are certain disorders. Empty and veiled

over with superficial greatness, they only delude, and work effects contrary to those for which they were designed. "Nothing," according to the old saying, "is drier than a person distempered with a dropsy."

Now this swollen and puffed-up style endeavours to go beyond the true sublime, whereas Puerilities are directly opposite to it. They are altogether low and grovelling, meanly and faintly expressed, and, in a word, are the most ungenerous and unpardonable errors that an author can be guilty of.

But what do we mean by a puerility? Why, it is certainly no more than a schoolboy's thought, which, by too eager a pursuit of elegance, becomes dry and insipid. And those persons commonly fail in this particular who, by an ill-managed zeal for that which is out of the common way, high-wrought, and, above all, sweet, run into trumpery and affected expressions.

To these may be added a third sort of imperfection in the pathetic, which Theodorus has named the Parenthyrse, or an ill-timed emotion. It is an attempt to work upon the passions, where there is no need of pathos; or some excess, where moderation is requisite. For some authors, as if fr[om] the effects of intoxication, fall into passion

expressions, which bear no relation at all to their subject, but are whims of their own, or borrowed from the schools. The consequence is, as might be expected, that they meet with nothing but contempt and derision from their unmoved audience—transported themselves, whilst their hearers are calm and unexcited. But I have reserved the pathetic for another place.

IV.—Timæus abounds very much in the Frigid, the other vice I mentioned—a writer, it is true, sufficiently skilled in other points, and who sometimes reaches the genuine sublime. He was also a person of great erudition and fertility of thought, but extreme to mark the imperfections of others, and utterly blind to his own, though a fond desire of new thoughts and uncommon turns has often plunged him into shameful puerilities. The truth of these assertions I shall confirm by one or two instances alone, since Cecilius has anticipated me in most of them.

When he commends Alexander the Great, he tells us "that he conquered all Asia in fewer years than it took Isocrates to compose his panegyric on the Persian War." A wonderful parallel indeed, between the conqueror of the world and a professor

of rhetoric! By your method of computation, Timæus, the Lacedæmonians fall vastly short of Isocrates in prowess; for they spent thirty years in the siege of Messene, he only ten in writing that panegyric.

But how does he inveigh against those Athenians who were made prisoners after the defeat in Sicily, "Guilty (says he) of sacrilege against Hermes, and having defaced his images, they now suffered a just retribution, and chiefly at the hands of Hermocrates, the son of Hermon, who was paternally descended from the injured deity." Really, my Terentianus, I am surprised that he has not written of Dionysius the tyrant, "that, for his heinous impiety towards Jupiter (or Dia) and Hercules (Heraclea), he was dethroned by Dion and Heraclides."

Why should I dwell any longer upon Timæus, when even the very heroes of good writing, Xenophon and Plato, though educated in the school of Socrates, sometimes forget themselves, and transgress through an affectation of such pretty flourishes? The former, in his "Polity of the Lacedæmonians," speaks thus: "They observe an uninterrupted silence, and keep their eyes as fixed and unmoved as if they were so many statues of stone or brass.

86490

You might with reason think them more modest than the virgins in their eyes." Amphicrates might, perhaps, be allowed to use the term "modest virgins" for the pupils of the eyes; but what an indecency is it in the great Xenophon! And what a strange persuasion, that the pupils of the eyes should be in general the seats of modesty, when impudence is nowhere more visible than in the eyes of some! Homer, for instance, says of an impertinent person,

"Drunkard! thou dog in eye!"

Timæus, as if he had found a booty, could not pass by even this insipid turn of Xenophon without appropriating it. Accordingly he speaks thus of Agathocles: "He ravished his own cousin, though married to another person, and on the very day when she was first seen by her husband without a veil—a crime of which none but he who had prostitutes not virgins in his eyes could be guilty." Neither is the otherwise divine Plato to be acquitted of this failing, when he says, for instance, "After they are written, they deposit in the temples these cypress memorials," meaning the tables of the laws. And in another passage, "As to the walls, Megillus, I would join in the opinion of

Sparta, to let them sleep supine on the earth, and not to rouse them up." Neither does an expression of Herodotus fall short of it, when he calls beautiful women "the pains of the eye," though this, indeed, may admit of some excuse, since in his history it is spoken by drunken barbarians. But it is not good to incur the ridicule of posterity for a low conception, though uttered by such characters as these.

V.—Now all such instances of the mean and poor in composition take their rise from the same original; I mean that eager pursuit of uncommon turns of thought, which most infatuates the writers of the present age, for our excellences and defects flow from the same common source. So that those elegant, sublime, and sweet expressions, which contribute so much to success in writing, are frequently made the causes and foundations of opposite failures. This is manifest in hyperboles and plurals; but the danger attending an injudicious use of these figures I shall exhibit in the sequel of this work. At present it is incumbent upon me to inquire by what means we may be enabled to avoid those vices which border so near upon, and are so easily blended with, the true sublime.

VI.—And this may be, if we first of all gain a thorough and critical insight into the nature of the true Sublime, which, however, is by no means an easy acquisition. For to pass a right judgment upon composition is the last result of long experience. Not but that a power of distinguishing in these things may perhaps be acquired by attending to some such precepts as I am about to deliver.

VII.—It should be understood, my dearest friend, that as in the affairs of life nothing great which it is magnanimous to despise—as, for example, riches, honours, titles, crowns, and whatever is varnished over with an imposing exterior—can ever be regarded as worthy of preference in the opinion of a wise man, since to think lightly of such things is no ordinary excellence; for certainly the persons who have ability sufficient to acquire, but scorn them, are more admired than those who actually possess them—much in the same way also must we judge in respect of the sublime, both in poetry and prose. We must carefully examine whether some things be not tricked out with this seeming grandeur, this imposing exterior of varnish laid on thickly, which, when examined, would

be found a mere delusion, meriting the contempt rather than the admiration of a truly great mind; for, somehow or other, the soul is naturally elevated by the true sublime, and, lifted up with exultation, is filled with transport and inward pride, as if what was only heard had been the product of its own invention.

He, therefore, who has a competent share of natural and acquired taste, may easily discover the value of any performance from often hearing it. If he find that it does not transport his soul, or exalt his thoughts—that it does not leave in his mind matter for more enlarged reflection than the mere sounds of the words convey, but that on attentive examination its dignity lessens and declines—he may conclude that whatever pierces no deeper than the ears can never be the true sublime. For that is truly grand and lofty, which the more we consider the greater ideas we conceive of it; whose force is hard, or, rather, impossible to withstand; which sinks deep, and makes such impressions on the mind as cannot be easily worn out or effaced. In a word, you may pronounce that sublime to be commendable and genuine, which pleases all sorts of men at all times. For when persons of different pursuits, habits of life, tastes, ages, principles,

agree in the same joint approbation of any performance, then this union of assent, this combination of so many different judgments, stamps a high and indisputable value on that performance which meets with such general applause.

VIII.—Now there are, if I may so express it, Five very copious Sources of the Sublime, if we presuppose a talent for speaking as a common foundation for these five sorts; and, indeed, without it anything whatever will avail but little:—

1. The first and most potent of these is a felicitous boldness in the thoughts, as I have laid down in my essay on Xenophon.

2. The second is a capacity of intense and enthusiastic passion; and these two constituents of the sublime are for the most part the immediate gifts of nature, whereas the remaining sources depend also upon art.

3. The third consists in a skilful moulding of figures; which are two-fold. of sentiment and language.

4. The fourth is a noble and graceful manner of expression, which is not only to select significant and elegant words, but also to adorn the style and embellish it by the assistance of tropes.

5. The fifth source of the sublime, which embraces all the preceding, is to construct the periods, with all possible dignity and grandeur. (See chap. xxxix.)

I proceed next to consider what is comprehended in each of these sources; but must first observe that, of the five, Cecilius, among other defects, has wholly omitted the pathetic. Now, if he thought that the grand and pathetic, as one and the same thing, were always found together, and were naturally inseparable, he was under a mistake. For some passions are far removed from grandeur and are in themselves of a lowly character; as pity grief, fear; and, on the contrary, there are many things grand and lofty without any passion; as, among a thousand instances, we may see, from what the poet has said, with such exceeding boldness, of the Aloides:—

"To raise
Huge Ossa on Olympus' top they strove,
And place on Ossa Pelion with its grove;
That heaven itself, thus climbed, might be assailed."

But the sublimity of what he afterwards adds is yet greater:—

"Nor would success their bold attempts have failed," &c.

Among the orators also, all panegyrics and orations composed for pomp and show may be sublime in every way, but yet are for the most part void of passion. Whence those orators who excel in the pathetic, scarcely ever succeed as panegyrists; and those whose talents lie chiefly in panegyric are very seldom able in affecting the passions. But, on the other hand, if Cecilius was of opinion that the pathetic did not contribute to the sublime, and on that account judged it not worth mentioning, he is guilty of an unpardonable error. For I might confidently aver that nothing so much raises discourse as a fine pathos seasonably applied. For it is this that causes it to breathe forth an energy and fire, resembling the intensity of madness and divine instinct, and inspires it in a manner with the present god.

PART I.

IX.—But though the first and most important of these divisions, I mean elevation of thought, be rather a natural than an acquired qualification, yet we ought to spare no pains to educate our souls to grandeur, and impregnate them, as it were, with generous and enlarged ideas.

"But how," it will be asked, "can this be done?" I hinted in another place that this sublime is an echo of the inward greatness of the soul. Hence it comes to pass that a bare thought without words challenges admiration for the sake of its grandeur alone. Such is the silence of Ajax in the "Odyssey" (bk. xi., v. 565), which is undoubtedly great, and far loftier than anything he could have said.

To arrive at excellence like this, then, we must needs presuppose as the primary cause of it that an orator of the true genius must have no mean and ungenerous way of thinking. For it is impossible for those who have grovelling and servile ideas, or are engaged in sordid pursuits all their lives, to produce anything worthy of admiration and the praise of all posterity. But grand and sublime expressions must in reason flow from them alone

whose conceptions are stored and big with greatness. And thus it is that grand thoughts are commonly found to have been uttered by men of the loftiest minds. When Parmenio cried, "I would accept these proposals if I were Alexander," Alexander replied, "And so would I if I were Parmenio." His answer showed the greatness of his mind.

So the space between heaven and earth marks out the vast reach and capacity of Homer's genius when he says:—

"While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth."

This description may with no less justice be applied to Homer's genius than to Discord.

But what disparity, what a fall there is in Hesiod's description of Melancholy, if, at least, the poem of "The Shield" may be ascribed to him:—

"A filthy moisture from her nostrils flowed."

He has not represented his image as terrible, but hateful.

On the other hand, with what majesty and pomp does Homer exalt his deities:—

"Far as a shepherd from some spot on high
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,

Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,
At one long leap th' immortal coursers bound."

He measures the leap of the horses by the extent of the world. And who is there that, considering the exceeding greatness of the space, would not, with good reason, cry out that, "if the steeds of the Deity were to take a second leap, the world itself would want room for it!"

How grand, too, are those creations of the imagination in the combat of the gods :—

"Heaven in loud thunders bids the trumpet sound,
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead
Th' infernal monarch reared his horrid head.
Leaped from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorred by men, and dreadful ev'n to gods."

What a prospect is here, my friend! The earth laid open to its centre; Tartarus itself disclosed to view; the whole world turned upside down and rent in twain; all things at once—heaven, hell, things mortal and immortal share alike the toil and danger of that battle! These are terrific representations, but if not allegorically understood, are inapplicable to deity, and violate the laws of propriety. For Homer, in my opinion, when he relates

the wounds, the seditions, the retaliations, imprisonments, and tears of the deities, with those evils of every kind under which they languish, has to the utmost of his power exalted the heroes who fought at Troy into gods, and degraded the gods into men. Nay, he makes their condition worse than human; for when man is overwhelmed with misfortunes, he has a reserve in the peaceful haven of death. But he makes the infelicity of the gods as everlasting as their nature.

But how far does he excel those descriptions of the combats of the gods, when he sets a deity in his true light, and paints him in all his majesty, purity, and perfection; as in that description of Neptune, which has been handled already by several writers:

"Fierce as he passed the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake, earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of the immortal god.
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play;
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults and owns the monarch of the main:
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wond'ring wa'ers leave the axle dry."

So likewise the Jewish legislator—no ordinary person—having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law. "And God said—— What?—'Let there be light,' and there was light. 'Let the earth be,' and the earth was."

I hope my friend will not think me tedious if I add another quotation from the poet, where he treats of mortal things; that you may see how he is accustomed to mount along with his heroes to heights of grandeur. A thick cloud and embarrassing darkness as of night, envelops the Grecian army, and suspends the battle. Ajax, perplexed what course to take, prays thus:

"Accept a warrior's prayer, eternal Jove;
This cloud of darkness from the Greeks remove;
Give us but light, and let us see our foes,
We'll bravely fall, though Jove himself oppose."

The feelings of Ajax are here expressed to the life: it is Ajax himself. He begs not for life; a request like that would be beneath a hero. But because in that hampering darkness he could display his valour in no illustrious exploit, and his great heart was unable to brook a sluggish inactivity in the field of action, he prays for instant light,

not doubting to crown his fall with some meritorious deed, though Jove himself should oppose his efforts. Here, indeed, Homer, like a brisk and favourable gale, swells the fury of the battle; he is as warm and impetuous as his heroes, or (as he says of Hector)—

> "With such a furious rage his steps advance,
> As when the god of battles shakes his lance,
> Or baleful flames, on some thick forest cast,
> Swift marching, lay the wooded mountain waste:
> Around his mouth a foamy moisture stands."

Yet Homer himself shows in the "Odyssey" (the remark I am going to add is necessary on several accounts) that when a great genius is in decline, a fondness for the fabulous clings fast to age. Many arguments may be brought to prove that this poem was written after the "Iliad;" but this especially, that in the "Odyssey" he has introduced the sequel of those calamities which began at Troy as so many episodes of the Trojan war; and that therein he renders to his heroes the tribute of mourning and lamentations, as that which he had previously resolved to be due to them. For, in reality, the "Odyssey" is no more than the epilogue of the "Iliad"—

"There warlike Ajax, there Achilles lies,
Patroclus there, a man divinely wise;
There too my dearest son."

It proceeds, I suppose, from the same cause, that having written the "Iliad" in the youth and vigour of his genius, he has furnished it with continued scenes of action and combat; whereas the greatest part of the "Odyssey" consists of narrative, the characteristic of old age. So that, in the "Odyssey," Homer may with justice be likened to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the meridian heat of his beams. For the style is not so grand and majestic as that of the "Iliad;" the sublimity not kept up in so uniform and sustained a manner throughout; the tides of passion flow not so copiously, nor in such rapid succession; there is not the same fertility of invention and oratorical energy; nor is it adorned with such a throng of images drawn from real life; but like the ocean when he retires within himself, and forsakes his proper bounds, so the genius of Homer still exhibits the ebbing of a mighty tide even in those fabulous and incredible ramblings of Ulysses. Not that I am forgetful of those storms which are described in several parts of the "Odyssey;" of Ulysses'

adventures with the Cyclops, and some other instances of the true sublime. No; I am speaking indeed of old age, but it is the old age of Homer. However, it is evident, from the whole series of the "Odyssey," that there is far more of fiction in it than of real life.

I have digressed thus far merely for the sake of showing, as I observed, that, in the decline of their vigour, the greatest geniuses are apt to turn aside into trifles. Those stories of shutting up the winds in a bag: of the men fed by Circe like swine, whom Zoilus calls weeping porkers; of Jupiter's being nursed by doves like one of their young; of Ulysses in a wreck, when he took no sustenance for ten days; and those improbabilities about the slaughter of the suitors—all these are undeniable instances of what I have said. Dreams indeed they are, but such as even Jove might dream.

Accept, my friend, in further excuse of this inquiry into the character of the "Odyssey," my desire of convincing you, that a decrease of the pathetic in great orators and poets often ends in the moral kind of writing. Thus the "Odyssey," furnishing us with ethical narratives relating to that course of life which the suitors led in the palace of Ulysses, has in some degree the air of a

comedy, wherein the various manners of men are described.

X.—Let us consider next whether we cannot find out some other means to infuse sublimity into our style. Now, as there are no subjects which are not attended by certain circumstances which are always found where they exist, a judicious choice of the most suitable of these adjuncts, and a faculty of accumulating them into one body, as it were, must necessarily produce the sublime. For what by the judgment displayed in the circumstances selected, and what by the skilful combination of them, they cannot but attract the hearer.

Sappho is an instance of this; who, in portraying the characteristics of intense love, always selects her materials from its attendant circumstances, and from the passion as it really exists in nature. But in what particular has she shown her excellence? In her ability to select those circumstances which are most striking and effective, and afterwards to connect them together:—

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

"'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

"My bosom glowed; the subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

"In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away."

Are you not amazed, my friend, to find how in the same moment she is to seek for her soul, her body, her ears, her tongue, her eyes, her colour, all of them as much absent from her as if they had never belonged to her? And what contrary affections she feels together! How she glows, chills, raves, reasons; for either she is in tumults of alarm, or she is dying away. The effect of which is, that she seems not to be attacked by one alone, but by a combination of affections.

All the symptoms of this kind are true effects of love; but the excellence of this ode, as I observed before, consists in the judicious choice and connection of the most striking circumstances. And it proceeds from his due application of the most

formidable incidents, that the poet excels so much in describing tempests. The author of the poem on the Arimaspians deems these things full of terror :—

"Ye powers, what madness! How on ships so frail
(Tremendous thought!) can thoughtless mortals sail?
For stormy seas they quit the pleasing plain,
Plant woods in waves, and dwell amidst the main.
Far o'er the deep, a trackless path, they go,
And wander oceans in pursuit of woe.
No ease their hearts, no rest their eyes can find,
On heaven their looks, and on the waves their mind:
Sunk are their spirits, while their arms they rear,
And gods are wearied with their fruitless prayer."

But every impartial reader will discern that these lines are more florid than terrible. But how does Homer raise a description, to mention only one example amongst a thousand!—

'He bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a wave that from the cloud impends,
And swelled with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud:
Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with fears,
And instant death on every wave appears."

Aratus has attempted a refinement upon the last thought, and turned it thus,

"A slender plank preserves them from their fate."

But instead of exciting terror, he only lessens and refines it away; and besides, he sets a bound to the impending danger, by saying, "a plank preserves them," and thus removes it. But the poet does not once for all limit the danger, but paints them as all but swallowed up ever and anon by each successive wave. Nay, more, by forcing into unnatural composition propositions which ought not to be compounded, and clashing them one against another, as in ὑπὲκ θανάτοιο, he has made the verse exhibit signs of agony corresponding with the calamity it represents; has modelled a striking image of it by the jarring of the words; and has all but stamped the peculiar character of the danger upon his diction. So Archilochus in describing a wreck, and Demosthenes, where he relates the confusion at Athens upon the arrival of ill news. "It was," says he, "in the evening," &c. So to speak, they reviewed their forces, and culling out the flower of them, combined them into one body, from which everything trumpery, or undignified, or puerile, was excluded. For such expressions, like unsightly bits of matter, or

fissures, entirely mar the beauty of those parts which, when fitly framed together and built up coherently, constitute the sublime.

XI.—There is another excellence in close connection with the former, which they call amplification; when (for the matters and causes on which we write or debate admit of many beginnings and pauses in the several divisions of the work) sublime ideas, introduced one after another, are made to ascend by a continued gradation. Now, this may be done in handling a commonplace, in aggravating or increasing the strength of facts or arguments, or in constructing a climax of actions or passions, for there are ten thousand kinds of amplifications. But the orator must never forget this maxim, that there cannot be perfection in things however amplified, without a sentiment which is truly sublime, unless when we move compassion or make things appear trifling and contemptible. But in all other methods of amplification, if you take away the sublime meaning, you separate, as it were, the soul from the body. For no sooner are they deprived of this necessary support, but they grow dull and languid, and lose all their vigour and nerve.

Wherein what I have said now differs from what went immediately before; for my design was then to show how much a judicious choice and an artful connection of striking ideas heighten a subject, and generally in what respect sublimity differs from amplification must be briefly defined, were it only for the sake of perspicuity.

XII.—Now I can by no means approve of the definition which writers of rhetoric give of Amplification. "Amplification," say they, "is a form of words aggrandising the subject." For evidently this definition may equally serve for the sublime, the pathetic, and the application of tropes; for these also invest discourse with a kind of greatness. In my opinion they differ from one another in that Sublimity consists in loftiness, but Amplification in number also; for which cause the former is often visible in one single thought, the other can only subsist in conjunction with a certain quantity and exuberance.

Amplification, therefore, to give an outline of it, is a full and complete assemblage of the particulars and arguments appertaining to subjects, giving additional strength to and heightening a point that has been already made out, and differing from

proof in this, that proof demonstrates the matter in debate. . . . . [There is a chasm in the original here]; his eloquence, superlatively rich and exuberant, is spread, like a sea, into expansive greatness every way. It is for this cause, I think, that the *orator* [probably Demosthenes], as being more impassioned, exhibits, as might be expected, so much of fire, such bursts of flaming indignation; but the other [probably Plato], naturally stately, magnificent, and lofty, is not chargeable, indeed, with a want of fervour, but yet has not the condensed and concentrated force of the other. And it is in no other respect, my dearest Terentianus, if, at least, we Greeks may be permitted to pronounce a judgment, that Cicero and Demosthenes differ in their sublimity. For the sublime of Demosthenes is, for the most part, sudden and concise; that of Cicero, diffuse and consecutive. Again, our countryman, by reason of the force, nay the rapidity, strength, and impetuosity with which he, in a manner, burns and bears down at once all before him, may be likened to a tornado or a thunderbolt; but Cicero, to my thinking, like some wide-spreading conflagration, rolls on devouring on all sides, with fires exhaustless, incessant, and abiding, dealt out, now here, now there, from

their own central stores, and drawing fresh vigour from successive advances. But of these matters you can better judge than I can. Now the proper season for applying a sublime so intense as that of Demosthenes, is when things are to be portrayed in the deepest colours; where vehement passion is to be expressed; and where it is expedient to strike the hearer with astonishment all at once; but the season for employing the diffuse kind is when it is required to pour a shower of gentler influences upon the hearer. For the latter is adapted to the discussion of commonplaces, the generality of perorations, digressions, all narratives and panegyrical orations, histories, physiological dissertations, and no few other kinds.

XIII.—That Plato, indeed—for I will return to him—though his eloquence is as the noiseless lapse of a mighty river, is nevertheless sublime, you cannot be ignorant when you have read the following specimen in his "Republic:" "They," says he, "that are unprincipled in the lore of wisdom and virtue, and give themselves wholly to feasting and the like, are urged, as it seems, by a downward impulse, and thus pass their whole life under a delusion. For they have never lifted up their eyes

to look on Truth, nor been moved by any aspirations after her, nor have experienced the taste of durable and unpolluted pleasure, but, like the beasts, with eyes for ever downward bent, stooping towards the earth and bending over tables, they feed their appetites and lusts; and to obtain a larger share of these things, so insatiable are their desires, they kick, and gore, and slay each other with horns and hoofs of iron." And this man instructs us, if we would but listen to him, that there is also some other way, besides those already mentioned, which leads to things sublime. And what way is this, and what is its nature? It is to imitate and emulate the great historians and poets of former days. And be this, my dearest friend, our fixed and steadfast aim. For many are they that are moved to a divine enthusiasm by another's spirit, in the same manner as fame records, that when the pythoness draws nigh the sacred tripod (where, as they say, the cleft earth breathes an inspiring exhalation) she is thereby impregnated with the divine influence, and forthwith breaks out in strains of prophecy, according as the Deity inspires her. Thus it is that from the sublime geniuses of the ancients certain effluvia are wafted to the souls of those that emulate them, as from

the sacred caverns; by whose inspiration, even such as are not over-gifted of Phœbus catch enthusiasm from the sublimities of others. Was Herodotus the only devoted imitator of Homer? Stesichorus was so before him, and so was Archilochus; but more than all of them, Plato, who from the famed Homeric fountain has drawn water by ten thousand by-streams to irrigate his own genius. And, perhaps, it were needful for me to point out instances, had not Ammonius and his disciples given a classified list of them. Nor is this plagiarism; but to take a hint from models of poetic fiction or works of art is as defensible as to copy good manners. Neither do I think that Plato would have displayed so much vigour in delivering his philosophical doctrines, and so often have soared to the matter and diction of poetry, had he not strenuously entered the lists, even with Homer, and disputed the palm with him, like some undistinguished champion that matches himself with one who has already engrossed the admiration of the world. The attack was perhaps too rash, the opposition perhaps had too much the air of enmity, but yet it could not fail of some advantage, for, as Hesiod says,

"Such brave contention works the good of men."

And, assuredly, glorious are the efforts, worthy our highest ambition the crown in this contest for pre-eminence of fame, wherein even to be worsted by the heroes of former days is unattended with dishonour.

XIV.—Wherefore, whenever we, too, are engaged in a work which requires grandeur of style and exalted sentiments, it were good to raise in ourselves such reflections as these:—How in this matter would Homer, as the case may be, or Plato, or Demosthenes have raised their thoughts? Or, if it be historical, how would Thucydides? For these persons, being set before us, and appearing, as it were, in bright array, as patterns for our imitation, will in some degree raise our souls to the standard we have pictured to our imaginations. It will be yet of greater use if to the preceding reflections we add these: What would Homer or Demosthenes have thought of this piece? or how would they have been affected by it? For of a truth it is no light contest we engage in when we set before us such a tribunal and such an auditory to adjudicate upon our own performances; and are possessed with the idea, though but in imagination, that we are submitting our writings to the scrutiny of such

distinguished characters, who are at once both our judges and witnesses. There is yet another motive which may yield still more powerful incitements, if we ask ourselves, "What would all posterity think of me if they heard these writings of mine recited?" But if any one, in the moments of composing, should apprehend that his performance may not be able to survive him and endure, the conceptions of a soul so affected must needs be crude and imperfect, like things born out of due season, so that they can never attain to the praise of future ages.

XV.—Visions, moreover, which by some are called Images, contribute very much, dear youth, to the weight, magnificence, and effect of compositions. The name of Image is given in common to any idea, howsoever presented to the mind, which is communicable to others by discourse; but a more particular sense of it has now prevailed. "When the imagination is so warmed and affected, that you seem to behold yourself the very things you are describing, and to display them to the life before the eyes of an audience, it is called an Image."

You cannot be ignorant that rhetorical and poetical images have a different intent: that the

design of a poetical image is to set the subject palpably before the eyes; of a rhetorical, to strike the imagination. However, both require that the mind should be powerfully moved to produce them:—

"Pity thy offspring, mother, nor provoke
Those vengeful furies to torment thy son.
What horrid sights! how glare their bloody eyes!
How twisting snakes curl round their venomed heads!
In deadly wrath the hissing monsters rise,
Forward they spring, dart out, and leap around me."
Euripid. "Orestes," ver. 255.

And again:—

"Alas!—she'll kill me!—whither shall I fly?"
"Iphigen. in Taur." ver. 408.

Here the poet himself saw the furies, and has well-nigh compelled his audience to see what his imagination presented to him. Euripides, indeed, has laboured very much to give full effect to the two passions of madness and love, and has succeeded much better in these, I think, than in any other; not that he wants confidence to attempt images of a different kind. For though his genius was not naturally great, yet in many instances he even forced it up to the true spirit of tragedy; and that he may always rise where his subject demands

it (to borrow an allusion from the poet)—"Iliad," xx. 170:—

> "Lashed by his tail, his heaving sides incite
> His courage, and provoke himself for fight."

The foregoing assertion is evident from that passage where Sol delivers the reins of his chariot to Phaëton:—

> "Drive on, but cautious shun the Lybian air;
> That hot unmoistened region of the sky
> Will drop thy chariot."—*Eurip.* Fragment.

And a little after:—

> "'Thence let the Pleiads point thy wary course.'
> Thus spake the god. Th' impatient youth with haste
> Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
> He starts; the coursers, whom the lashing whip
> Excites, outstrip the winds, and whirl the car
> High through the airy void. Behind, the sire,
> Borne on his planetary steed, pursues
> With eye intent, and warns him with his voice,
> 'Drive there!—now here!—here! turn the chariot here!'"—*Id.* Fragment.

Now, would you not say that the soul of the poet mounts the chariot along with the rider, and that, borne on wings as well as the steeds, it shared the danger of the enterprise? For, had it not been hurried on with the same rapidity as those creatures

of heaven, it could never have conceived so grand an image of it. There are some parallel images in his "Cassandra" :—

"Ye martial Trojans," &c.

Æschylus has made bold attempts in noble and truly heroic images; as, in one of his tragedies, the seven commanders against Thebes, without betraying the least sign of pity or regret, bind themselves by oath not to survive Eteocles:—

"The seven, a warlike leader each in chief,
Stood round; and o'er the brazen shield they slew
A sullen bull; then plunging deep their hands
Into the foaming gore, with oaths invoked
Mars, and Enyo, and blood-thirsting terror."

Sometimes, indeed, the thoughts of this author are unpolished and like a fleece undressed and rough; and yet Euripides, from the impulse of emulation, ventures even on the same perilous extremes. In Æschylus the palace of Lycurgus is represented as being affected by the sudden appearance of Bacchus in a strange and startling manner:—

"The frantic dome and roaring roofs, convulsed,
Reel to and fro, instinct with rage divine."

Euripides has expressed the same idea differently, softening down its asperity :—

> " The vocal mount in agitation shakes,
> And echoes back the Bacchanalian cries."
>
> *Eurip.* " Bacchæ," v. 725.

Sophocles has succeeded nobly in his Images, where he describes his Œdipus dying and burying himself in the midst of a portentous tempest; and in the departure of the Grecian fleet, and on the ghost of Achilles appearing upon his tomb when the Greeks were setting sail. But I know not whether any one has embodied that apparition more vividly than Simonides. To quote all these instances at large would be endless.

But Images in poetry are pushed to a fabulous excess, as I said, and passing the bounds of probability: whereas in oratory the most beautiful are such as are most forcible and truthful. It is also a grave offence, and an absurd departure from propriety, when the fictions of oratory are of a poetical and fabulous character and run into absolute impossibilities. Even as in this our day, the most accomplished orators see furies, as if they were tragic poets, and with all their genius never

discover that when Orestes exclaims ("Orestes," ver. 264)—

> "Loose me, thou Fury; let me go, tormentress.
> Close you embrace, to plunge me headlong down
> Into th' abyss of Tartarus"—

he fancies these things because he is mad.

What, then, is the true use of Images in oratory? They are, perhaps, capable, in many ways, of adding both nerve and passion to our speeches; but also, if the Images be skilfully blended with the proofs and descriptions, they not only persuade, but subdue an audience. "If any one," says Demosthenes, "should hear a sudden outcry before the tribunal, whilst another brings the news that the prison is burst open and the captives escaped, no man, either young or old, would be of so abject a spirit as to refuse his utmost assistance. But if another should stand forth and say, 'This man is the author of these disorders,' the accused would be condemned without even a hearing."

So Hyperides, when he was accused of passing an illegal decree for giving liberty to slaves, after the defeat of Chæronea: "It was not an orator," said he, "that made this decree, but the battle of Chæronea." For at the same time that he argues

the point in a matter-of-fact way, he intermixes an image of the battle, and by that stroke of art has passed the bounds of mere persuasion. Now it is natural to us, on all subjects of this sort, to hearken to that which is the more forcible; whence it is that we are drawn off from the proof to the astounding effect of the image, in the brightness of whose rays the argumentative portion is obscured. And that our minds are thus affected is not to be wondered at, since, when two things are placed together, the stronger attracts to itself the virtue and efficacy of the weaker.

These observations will, I fancy, be sufficient concerning that Sublime which belongs to the sense, and takes its rise either from Elevation of Thought, Imitation, or Images.

PART II.

THE Pathetic, which the author laid down for the second source of the sublime, was omitted here, because it was reserved for a distinct treatise.

PART III.

XVI.—The topic that comes next in order is that of Figures; for these, when judiciously used, as I said, form no trivial part of greatness. But since it would be tedious, or rather infinite labour, exactly to describe all the species of them, I will carefully consider a few of those which contribute most to elevation of style, with the view of establishing my proposition.

Demosthenes is producing proofs of his upright behaviour as a public servant. Now, what was the most natural method of doing this? "You were not in the wrong, Athenians, when you courageously ventured your lives in fighting for the liberty and safety of Greece; and of this you have domestic examples. For neither were they in the wrong who fought at Marathon, who fought at Salamis, who fought at Platææ." But when filled, as it were, with sudden inspiration of the Deity, and like one possessed, he thunders out that oath, by the champions of Greece: "You were not in the wrong; no, you could not be, I swear by them that jeoparded their lives for their country in the field of Marathon," he seems, by

this one figure of swearing, which, in this case, I call an apostrophe, to have enrolled their ancestors among the gods; while suggesting to them that they ought to swear by persons, who fell so gloriously, as by so many gods; to have inspired his judges with the generous sentiments of those devoted patriots; to have changed what was naturally a proof into an appeal transcendently sublime and affecting, aided by the powerful evidence of oaths of a novel and most sublime character; and, at the same time, to have instilled a balm into their minds, which heals every painful reflection, and assuages the smart of misfortune; so that, inspirited by his encomiums, they begin to think with no less pride of the engagement with Philip than of the trophies earned at Marathon and Salamis. In short, by the application of this figure, he was thus in various ways enabled to carry his hearers along with him, whether they would or not.

And yet some insinuate that the seeds of this oath are to be found in these lines of Eupolis:—

> "No! by my laurels earned at Marathon,
> They shall not glory in my discontent."

But the grandeur depends not on the bare appli-

cation of an oath, but applying it in the proper place, in a pertinent manner, at a right juncture, and for sufficient cause. Yet in Eupolis there is nothing but an oath, and that addressed to the Athenians when they were flushed with conquest and did not require consolation. Besides, the poet did not swear by heroes, having first deified them to make his audience deem worthily of such virtue, but passed over those illustrious souls who ventured their lives for their country to swear by an inanimate object, the battle. In Demosthenes the oath is addressed to the vanquished, to the end that the defeat of Chæronea may be no longer regarded by the Athenians as a misfortune. The same thing is at once a demonstration that they had done their duty, an illustrious example, an oath for confirmation, an encomium, and an exhortation. And whereas this objection occurred to the orator: "You speak of a defeat that took place under your administration, and then you swear by those celebrated victories;" he, therefore, regulates all he says by the strictest rules of art, and is scrupulously guarded also in the terms he employs, thus leaving an example to posterity, that sobriety must be observed even in the transports of enthusiasm. He says: "Those of your ancestors who bravely

exposed themselves in the plains of Marathon, those who were in the naval engagements near Salamis and Artemisium, and those who faced the foe at Platææ." Nowhere has he said, "Those that conquered," but has, in all cases, industriously suppressed the mention of the events of those battles, because they were successful, and opposite to that of Chæronea. For which cause, also, he anticipates the objections of the hearer, by immediately subjoining, "all of whom, Æschines, the city honoured with a public funeral, and not those only who were victorious."

XVII.—There is one result of my speculations, my friend, which I ought not to omit here; I will state it with all brevity: Figures naturally impart assistance to, and, on the other hand, receive wonderful aid from sublime sentiments. And I will now show where, and in what manner, this is done.

A too elaborate and studied application of Figures is peculiarly calculated to awaken suspicion, and induce an opinion of sinister design, fraud, and sophistry, especially when, in pleading, we speak before a judge, from whose sentence there lies no appeal; and much more if before a tyrant,

a monarch, or any one in high authority; for he grows angry immediately if he thinks he is being cajoled by the artifices of a rhetorician, as if he had no more sense than a child, and regarding the attempt to impose upon him as an affront to his understanding, sometimes he becomes altogether infuriated; and though, perhaps, he may suppress his wrath, and stifle his resentment for the present, yet he is averse—nay, even deaf—to the most plausible and persuasive arguments that can be alleged. Wherefore, a figure then seems most dexterously applied when it cannot be discerned that it is a figure.

Therefore, Sublimity and Passion form an admirable antidote and remedy for the suspicion that attends on the use of Figures; and if, perchance, the aid of art is called in for deceptive purposes, still it merges itself in the sublimity and pathos that accompany it. I cannot produce a better example to confirm this assertion than the preceding from Demosthenes: "I swear by those heroic souls," &c. For in what has the orator here concealed the figure? Plainly, in nothing but the light he has poured around it. For it were no inapt comparison if I were to say, that as the lesser lights of heaven are paled in the surrounding

effulgence of the sun, so the artifices of rhetoric become invisible amidst the splendour of sublime thoughts. And something not unlike this takes place in painting; for when several colours of light and shade are laid side by side upon the same surface, those of light seem to meet the eyes first, and not only to stand out above the rest, but to be much nearer. And thus it is that the sublime and pathetic in language, since they are brought nearer to our souls by reason both of an affinity, founded in the principles of our nature, and their own superlative lustre, always outshine figures, throw into the shade their artificial character, and keep them in a kind of concealment.

XVIII.—What shall I say of Questions which are answered by a simple affirmation or negation, and Interrogations? Is not discourse which requires a lengthened reply rendered far more nervous, impressive, and pointed, by the very character of the figures employed? "Tell me," says Demosthenes, "would you go about the city and demand what news? What greater news can there be than that a Macedonian enslaves the Athenians, and lords it over Greece? Is Philip dead? No; but he is sick. Now what difference

does it make to you? for if anything should happen to this man, you yourselves will soon raise up another Philip." And again, he says, "Let us sail for Macedonia. 'Aye, but where shall we land?' asked some one. The war itself will discover what is rotten in the state of Philip." This, uttered simply, and without interrogation, would have been altogether beneath the subject. But as it is, the spirited and rapid alternation of question and answer, and the anticipatory replies to his own demands, as if they were another's, not only render his oration more sublime and lofty by this figurative form of speech, but more convincing. For the pathetic then works most powerfully upon us when it appears not to be the effect of the speaker's art, but to flow naturally out of the occasion. And this questioning and answering one's self seems to indicate the moments of passion. For when people are questioned by others they are excited, and on the spur of the moment answer the demands put to them with earnestness and the sincerity of truth. Much in the same way this figure of question and answer imposes upon the hearer, by leading him to a belief that those things, which are in fact premeditated, have been called forth and are uttered on the impulse of the occasion. [What follows

here is the beginning of a sentence now maimed and imperfect, but it is evident, from the few words yet remaining, that the author was going to add another instance of the use of this figure in a passage from Herodotus, which, he says, was considered transcendently sublime.] . . . . .

XIX.— . . . . . [The beginning of this section is lost, but the sense is easily supplied from what immediately follows.] Another great help in attaining grandeur is banishing the Copulatives at a proper season. For sentences, artfully divested of conjunctions, drop smoothly down, and the periods are, as it were, poured along in such a manner that they well-nigh outstrip the very speaker. "Then," says Xenophon, "closing their shields together, they were pushed, they fought, they slew, they were slain." So Eurylochus in Homer ("Odyssey," xi. 251) :—

"We went, Ulysses! (such was thy command)
Through the lone thicket, and the desert land;
A palace in a woody vale we found,
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around," &c.

For the words thus dissevered from one another, and yet equally hurried along, give a lively representation of the mental agony which at once

restrains and accelerates his words. Such effects Homer has produced by rejecting the conjunctions.

XX.—But the most sublimely moving effect is produced by bringing together a number of figures; when two or three of them, as if mutually associated in a class, render to each other contributions of strength, persuasiveness, and ornament; as in that passage of Demosthenes' oration against Midias, where the conjunctions are removed at the same time that there are repetitions and vivid descriptions interwoven. "There are several things in the gesture, look, voice, of him who strikes another, which it is impossible for the sufferer to convey." And then, that his oration might not keep going on in the same uniform manner (for order indicates a mind unmoved, but passion is irregular and tumultuous, since it is a violent motion and agitation of the soul), he passes immediately to new asyndetons and repetitions—"in the gesture, in the look, in the voice—when like a ruffian, when like an enemy, when with his knuckles, when on the face." By these means, the orator deals with the judges just as the assailant did with his victim: he attacks their understandings with reiterated violence. Then, again, he charges

them afresh with the force of a hurricane: "When with his fist, when on the face." "These things affect, these things madden men unused to indignities. No man, in giving a recital of these things, can convey an adequate idea of their heinousness." He preserves, then, throughout the character of the figures, namely, that which omits the conjunctions, and that of repetition, though interchanging them continually. And thus, with him, even order wears the semblance of confusion, and, conversely, disorder is invested with a certain regularity.

XXI.—To illustrate the foregoing observation let us, if you will, imitate the school of Isocrates, and insert the copulatives in this passage; which will then stand thus: "Nor indeed should it be omitted that he who commits violence on another may do many things, &c.—first in gesture, and then in countenance, and thirdly in his very voice, which," &c. And if you proceed thus in changing the form of the language, you will find, that, by smoothing the passage by means of copulatives, what was before overpoweringly, impetuously pathetic, falls tamely upon the ear, and at once loses all its fire. To couple the limbs of racers, is to deprive them of motion. In like manner, the

pathetic scorns to be fettered by copulatives and other additions; for they prevent its having free course and flying to the mark like a missile discharged from some engine.

XXII.—Hyperbatons, also, are to be ranked in the same class. A hyperbaton is a transposing of words or thoughts out of their natural and grammatical order, and is, as it were, an express image and infallible token of vehement passion. For as when men are really impelled by anger, or fear, or indignation, or jealousy, or any other passion—for they are numberless, and cannot be reckoned up—they are for ever getting wrong, and when they have proposed one thing, continually running off into another, absurdly obtruding some intermediate matter; and then again, coming round to their original subject, are ever and anon pulled back suddenly from conflicting feelings, now this way, now that, as if the sport of a shifting wind; incessantly chopping and changing their expressions, their ideas, and the order of their natural connection, in all sorts of ways, to suit their ever-varying purpose: so the best writers endeavour to imitate the truth of nature's doings, by means of transpositions. For art is then perfect when she

passes for nature; but nature, on the other hand, succeeds in her object when the art that regulates her movements is kept out of sight.

In Herodotus (vi. 11), the speech of Dionysius the Phocean is an example of this transposition: "For our affairs," says he, "are balanced on a razor's edge; men of Ionia, now is the crisis of our fate, whether to be free or slaves, yea, runaway slaves, the most abject and degraded. Now, then, if you make up your minds to endure hardness, you will indeed have to encounter toil for the present, but you will be able to vanquish the enemy." The natural order was this: "O Ionians, now is the time to submit to toil and labour, for our affairs are balanced on a razor's edge," &c. But he has transposed the salutation, "men of Ionia;" for he has commenced with giving utterance to his fears, as if he could not command himself to accost his hearers first, for his sense of the imminent danger. In the next place, he has distorted the order of the thoughts; for before he said, "they must exert themselves" (for this it is that he exhorts them to), he first assigns the reason why they should do so, saying, "Our affairs are balanced on a razor's edge"—so that his words seem not to be premeditated, but forced from him.

Thucydides is still more of a perfect master in transposing and inverting the order of those things which are altogether naturally united and inseparable. But Demosthenes, though less hardy than Thucydides, is yet more abundant in this kind of figure than any other writer; exhibiting an appearance of much earnestness, nay, of uttering everything on the spur of the moment by means of transpositions; and, moreover, haling his hearers along with him into a perilous maze of things seemingly unconnected. For frequently, suspending the thought with which he set out, and abruptly interposing, by way of parenthesis, a mass of matter apparently quite irrelevant, and thrust in incongruously and strangely, he puts the hearer in fear that he has suffered his subject to drop through altogether, and compels him, from earnest feeling, to share the dangers of the speaker; then, at length, towards the close, after a long interval, he very pertinently, but unexpectedly, adds the long-sought link of connection, and raises surprise and admiration still higher by the mere daring and imminent hazards of his transpositions. I shall forbear adducing examples, because of the multitude to be found in that writer.

XXIII.—Moreover, the figures called Polyptotes, accumulations, startling turns, and gradations are, as you know, very effective; contributing to the ornament of style and aiding everything that is sublime and impassioned. And to what an amazing degree do changes, either of time, case, person, number, or gender, diversify and enliven language!

As to numbers I assert, not only that words which, being singular in form, are found on reflection to have a plural force, are ornamental; as, for example:—

"Along the shores an endless crowd appear,
Whose noise, and din, and shouts confound the ear;"

but, and this is more worthy of attentive observation, that sometimes plurals impart additional grandeur to the style, and give it an air of pomp and splendour by the mere force of thronged numbers. So the words of Œdipus in Sophocles:—

"Oh! nuptials, nuptials!
You first produced, and since our fatal birth
Have mixed our blood, and all our race confounded,
Blended in horrid and incestuous bonds!
See! fathers, brothers, sons, a dire alliance!
See! sisters, wives, and mothers! all the names
That e'er from lust or incest could arise."

For all these terms denote on the one side Œdipus only, and on the other Jocasta; but, notwithstanding, the number spread out into plurals has, at the same time, given increased effect to their misfortunes also. Another poet has made use of the same method of increase:—

"Then Hectors and Sarpedons issued forth."

Of the same kind is that expression of Plato concerning the Athenians, quoted by me elsewhere also. "For no Pelopses, nor Cadmuses, nor Ægyptuses, nor Danauses dwell here with us, nor any of the many others of barbarous descent, but pure Grecians undebased by foreign mixture," &c. For when names are thus made to signify collected numbers, the ideas they convey accord with the imposing effect with which they strike upon the ear. Yet recourse is not to be had to this figure on all occasions, but then only when the subject admits of enlargement, or multiplication, or hyperbole, or pathos, either some one or more of these. For to have bells hung everywhere surely savours too much of the sophist.

XXIV. — And doubtless, contrariwise also, Plurals reduced and contracted into Singulars have

sometimes the sublimest effect. "Then all Peloponnesus stood divided," says Demosthenes. And, "at the representation of Phrynicus's tragedy, called 'The Capture of Miletus,' the whole theatre was moved to tears." For thus to condense a number into unity, instead of expressing the distinct particulars, seems to give more of substance and body to the idea. But the beauty in each of these figures arises, methinks, from the same cause. For when the terms are singular, to depart from the ordinary custom and multiply them is the act of one that is moved by earnest feeling; and where they are plural, to concentrate many things in one harmonious whole excites surprise, by reason of the complete transformation of things.

XXV.—Moreover when you introduce things past as actually present and doing, you will no longer relate, but display the very action before the eyes of your readers. "A soldier," says Xenophon ("Xenophon de Cyri Institut." l. 7), "fell down under Cyrus's horse, and being trampled under foot, wounds him in the belly with his sword. The horse, floundering, unseats Cyrus, and he falls." Thucydides makes very frequent use of this figure.

XXVI.—In like manner Change of Persons is powerfully effective, and oftentimes makes the hearer think himself actually present, and concerned in the dangers described :—

"Thou hadst deemed them of a kind
By toil untameable, so fierce they strove."

And so Aratus ("Phænom." v. 287) :—

"O put not thou to sea in that sad month!"

Much in the same way, Herodotus also (l. ii., c. 29), "You will sail upwards from the city Elephantina, and then you will arrive at a level coast. And when you have travelled over this tract of land you will go on board another ship, and sail two days, and then you will arrive at a great city, called Meroe." Do you see, my friend, how he carries your imagination along with him in his excursion; how he conducts you through the different scenes, converting hearing into sight? And all such passages, by appealing to the hearers personally, make them fancy themselves present in the actual transactions. And when you address your discourse, not as to all in general, but to one in particular, as here—

"You could not see, so fierce Tydides raged,
Whether for Greece or Ilion he engaged—
"Iliad," v. 85.

awakened by these addresses to himself, you will at once strike more forcibly upon his passions, make him more attentive, and fill him with liveliest interest in what is going on.

XXVII.—But further, it sometimes happens, when a writer is saying anything of a person, that by a sudden transition he quits his own, and speaks as that very person: a form of speech which indicates an outburst of passion.

"On rushed bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: for by the gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies."
"Iliad," xv. 346.

Now the narrative, as being suitable to him, the poet has assumed to himself; but, without any previous note of transition, he has at once put this abrupt menace into the mouth of the enraged hero; for it would have sounded flat had he stopped to insert, Hector spake thus, or thus. But, as it stands, the transfer of the speech outstrips any transition the poet could have expressed.

Upon which account this figure is then most seasonably applied when the pressing exigency of time will not admit of any stop or delay, but even

enforces a transition from persons to persons, as in this passage of "Hecatæus": "Now Ceyx, troubled at these proceedings, immediately commanded the Heraclidæ to depart his territories—For I am unable to assist you. Therefore that you may not perish yourselves, nor inflict a wound upon me, go seek a retreat with some other people." Demosthenes has made use of this variety of persons in a different manner, and with much passion and volubility, in his oration (the first) against Aristogiton: "And shall there not be found one among you that burns with indignation and wrath on account of the outrageous acts of this abominable and shameless wretch, who—— Thou most polluted of all men! when precluded liberty of speaking, not by bars or doors, for these indeed some one might have burst." Suddenly leaving the thought unfinished, he almost tears one word in twain, to address it at once to different persons, from the vehemence of his passion. "Who—thou most polluted of all men!" Then, having diverted his discourse to Aristogiton, and seemingly left the judges, yet by the pathos introduced he has made its effect upon them much more powerful and direct. So Penelope in Homer ("Odyssey," iv. 681):—

"The lordly suitors send! But why must you
Bring baneful mandates from that odious crew?
What! must the faithful servants of my lord
Forego their tasks for them to crown the board?
I scorn their love, and I detest their sight;
And may they share their last of feasts to-night!
Why thus, ungenerous men, devour my son?
Why riot thus, till he be quite undone?
Heedless of him, yet timely hence retire,
And fear the vengeance of his awful sire.
Did not your fathers oft his might commend,
And, children, you the wondrous tale attend?
That injured hero you returned may see;
Think what he was, and dread what he may be."

XXVIII.—And certainly no one, I think, can doubt that a Periphrasis (Circumlocution) is a cause of sublimity; for as in music the principal tone is rendered sweeter by the grace-notes introduced, so a periphrasis frequently aids the effect of the simple expression, and imparts a harmony to it which is highly ornamental, especially if it be not tumid and inelegant, but agreeably tempered. This may be established beyond dispute from a passage of Plato, in the beginning of his "Funeral Oration:". "We have now rendered to them, in a substantial form, the things that are due to them, and, these obtained, they go the fated way, having been

escorted publicly by the state, and privately by their respective connections." He calls death, then, "the fated way," and their obtaining the appointed rites, a public escorting of them by their country. Now, by this means, has he not given becoming elevation to the thought, which he found bare and unadorned, but which he has graced by melodious diction, pouring around it the sweetness arising out of a well-tempered periphrasis, like a kind of harmony? So Xenophon ("Cyropæd." lib. 1)—"You look upon toil as the guide to a happy life. You have laid up in your souls an acquisition passing glorious and soldier-like, for nothing produces in you such sensible emotions of joy as commendation." By expressing willingness to endure toil in this circumlocution, "You look upon labour as the guide to a happy life;" and by expanding the other ideas after the same manner, he has embraced in his encomium a reflection of a lofty character. So that inimitable passage of Herodotus (i. 105), "The goddess afflicted those of the Scythians who had pillaged her temple, with the female disease."

XXIX.—But circumlocution is more dangerous than any other kind of figure, unless one use it

with due regard to proportion, for it must obviously be feeble in its effect if it savour of verbiage and dulness. For this reason, Plato (for he makes frequent and, in some places, unreasonable use of this figure) is ridiculed very much for the following expression in his "Treatise of Laws" ("De Legibus," l. 5): "It is not right to suffer riches, of either gold or silver, to be set up and dwell in a city." For they say, had he forbidden the possession of cattle, it is manifest he would have said riches of mutton and beef.

But I will say no more, for it is enough for me, my dear Terentianus, to have discoursed thus far, in passing, upon the use of Figures in producing the Sublime; for all I have mentioned render compositions more pathetic and affecting. And the pathetic partakes of the sublime in the same manner as the ethical style of writing partakes of the agreeable.

PART IV.

XXX.—But since the thoughts and the language of compositions generally throw light upon each other, let us, in the next place, consider what it is that remains to be said of that part which concerns the Diction alone. Now, that a judicious choice of apt and magnificent terms has a wonderful effect to move and fascinate an audience; that it is this which all orators and writers exert their utmost endeavours to attain, as being that which of itself makes their works to bloom with all the charms of grandeur, beauty, antique richness, solemnity, strength, energy, and every other excellence whatsoever, even such as we behold in the goodliest statues; and which inspires things inanimate with a living tongue, as it were—it would, it is to be apprehended, be superfluous to state at length to one well acquainted with the fact. For, in very truth, ornamental words are the peculiar light of our thoughts. But then it is not meet that they should everywhere exhibit an air of pomp. For to clothe trifling subjects in majestic and solemn expressions would make the same ridiculous appearance as if one should put a large tragic mask upon

a child. But in poetry . . . [The remainder of this section is lost.] . . .

XXXI.— . . . [The beginning of this section is lost.] . . . In this verse of Anacreon the term is not select, yet it pleases because it is natural:—

"My heart is not toward the Thracian girl."

So that admirable expression of Theopompus seems to me at least most significant, by reason of the just analogy, though Cecilius, I know not why, finds fault with it: "Philip," says he, "swallows affronts in compliance with the exigencies of his affairs."

A vulgarism, then, is sometimes much more significant than an ornamental term, for it is recognised at once, because it is taken from common life; and what is familiar to us is, for that very cause, more convincing. Therefore, when a person, to promote his ambitious designs, bears ill-treatment and reproaches with patience and seeming pleasure, to say that "he swallows affronts" is as vividly expressive a phrase as could be resorted to. The following passage from Herodotus (l. vi., c. 75) is of a somewhat similar kind: "Cleomenes," says he,

"being seized with madness, with a little knife that he had, cut his own flesh into small pieces, till, having reduced his body to shreds, he expired." And again (l. vii., c. 181), "Pythes, remaining still in the ship, fought till he was cut to pieces." For these expressions approach near to vulgarity, but are not vulgar, since they are emphatically significant.

XXXII.—As to number of metaphors, Cecilius seems to join their opinion who have laid it down that two or three, at most, be employed in expressing the same object. But in this, also, Demosthenes is our rule and guide; and the proper time to apply them is when the passions are hurried on like a torrent, and draw into their vortex a whole crowd of metaphors, as if they were demanded by the occasion. "Those polluted men," says he, "those fiends, those cringing traitors, that have cruelly maimed and mangled their respective countries, having drunk up their liberty, and given the cup to Philip once, and since to Alexander, who measure happiness by their belly and the vilest considerations; but as for the spirit of independence, and the resolution never to endure a master, which the Greeks of old regarded as the consummation and standard of all felicity,

these they have utterly subverted." In this passage, the orator's indignation at the traitors throws the crowd of metaphors into the background. It is for this cause, Aristotle and Theophrastus say, that bold metaphors ought to be introduced with some such palliatives as: "so to speak;" and, "as it were;" and, "if I may speak with so much boldness." For this self-condemnation, say they, qualifies the adventurousness of the expressions.

And I admit this doctrine also: yet still I maintain what I advanced before in regard to figures, that bursts of passion, opportunely introduced, and strokes of genuine sublimity, are the proper antidotes to the effects of bold and accumulated metaphors; for it is the nature of the former to draw all the other things into their impetuous current, and drive them onward; nay, to demand expressions of surpassing boldness, as absolutely necessary; and they do not allow the hearer leisure to criticise on the number of the metaphors, from the contagion of the speaker's enthusiasm.

But, further, even in discussing commonplaces and in descriptions, there is nothing so significantly expressive as continued and successive tropes. By these has Xenophon ("Mem." i., c. 4) described so magnificently the anatomy of the human structure.

By these has Plato ("Timæus") given a still more lifelike portraiture of the same, in a strain of divine eloquence. The head of man he calls the citadel; the neck an isthmus, placed midway between the head and the breast, and supported by the vertebræ, which are, as it were, pivots on which it turns; pleasure the bait, which allures men to evil, and the tongue the informer of tastes; the heart, which is the nucleus of the veins, and the fountain of the blood that circulates rapidly through all the members, is posted in a commanding position; and the ramifications of the vessels he calls narrow ways. And because the heart is subject to palpitations, either from fear of some impending evil, or under excitement of anger, since it is of a fiery nature, the gods, says he, providing a remedy for these, planted in the body the lungs, a peculiar substance, soft, bloodless, and cellular, as it were a fender, that, whenever choler inflames the heart, it might sustain no injury by impinging upon a yielding material. The seat of the concupiscible passions, he has named a kind of women's apartment; and the seat of the irascible, a sort of men's apartment; but the spleen he calls the sponge or towel of the viscera, whence, when saturated with their offscourings, it becomes enlarged and turgid. Then,

says he, the gods covered all those parts with flesh, opposing it against whatever might assail them from without, as it were woolpacks. The blood he calls the food of the flesh; and adds that, for the sake of conveying nourishment, they formed ducts throughout the body, as though they were making water-courses in gardens, that the fluids conveyed by the veins might flow, as it were, from some perennial fountain through the numerous sluices of the body. And at the approach of death, the moorings of the soul, he says, are loosed, as of a ship, and she herself let go without restraint. These, and infinite other turns of the same nature, occur in the sequel; but those already indicated suffice to show that tropes are naturally endued with an air of grandeur, that metaphors contribute to sublimity, and that they are appropriately employed in descriptive, for the most part, and pathetic passages.

Now, that the use of tropes, as well as of all other things which are ornamental in discourse, is at all times very liable to excess, is obvious, without any remark from me. Hence it comes to pass that many severely censure Plato, because oftentimes, as if his language were dictated by a kind of frenzy, he suffers himself to be hurried into

extravagant and harsh metaphors, and ostentatious allegory. "For," says he, "is it not easy to conceive that a city ought to resemble a goblet replenished with a well-tempered mixture; where, when wine of furious potency is poured in, it fumes and sparkles; but when chastened by another more sober divinity, by virtue of this goodly association, it makes a wholesome and convenient beverage?" ("De Leg." l. vi.) For, say they, to call water a sober divinity, and the mixture a chastening, is the expression of a poet who is certainly not sober himself.

Cecilius, who censured these, which after all are but trifling defects, nevertheless had the rashness, in his essay on Lysias, for this very cause, to declare him in all respects preferable to Plato; moved thereto by two overbearing passions. For though he loved Lysias with more than self-love, yet he hated Plato more intensely, on every account, than he loved Lysias. Besides, he was hurried on by so much heat and prejudice, as to presume on the concession of certain points which never will be granted. For Plato being oftentimes faulty, he maintains that he is inferior to Lysias, as being a faultless and perfect writer; but this is certainly not a true assumption, nor near the truth.

XXXIII.—But let us for once admit that there is such a thing as a perfect and unexceptionable writer; will it not then be worth while to consider generally this very question: Whether, in poetry or prose, what is truly grand, with an admixture of some faults, be not preferable to that which has nothing extraordinary in its best parts, but which is correct throughout and faultless? Nay, further, whether the palm would be rightly adjudged to those compositions which exhibit the more numerous excellences, or the higher degrees of sublimity? For these questions are germane to a discussion on the Sublime, and imperiously demand adjudication.

I readily allow that writers of a lofty and towering genius are by no means faultlessly correct, for whatever is neat and accurate throughout is very liable to be flat, while in things that are sublime, as in great affluence of fortune, some matters must needs be overlooked. But perhaps it is also a necessary consequence that geniuses of a humble and mediocre kind, because they never make hazardous attempts, nor aim at the highest things, commonly preserve a uniform faultlessness and comparative exemption from failure; but that things great and sublime are liable to fall, merely because they are great and lofty. Nor am I

ignorant of another thing, that, in forming an estimate of all human works, their imperfections naturally come into prominent notice, and the remembrance of faults is indelibly impressed upon the mind, whereas that of excellences is rapidly effaced. For my own part, I have taken notice of no inconsiderable number of faults in Homer, and some other of the greatest authors, and cannot by any means be blind or partial to them; though I judge them not to be voluntary faults so much as oversights, unguardedly, inadvertently, and undesignedly made, and which have crept insensibly into their works, from the inattention to minutiæ natural to a great genius: but, notwithstanding, I hold that the palm should be adjudged to those that can plead the higher excellences, although they do not preserve a uniform faultlessness in all things, if for no other consideration, for the greatness of their genius alone.

For assuredly, though Apollonius, author of "the Argonautics," was a writer without a blemish; and no one ever succeeded better in pastorals than Theocritus, except in some pieces where he has quitted his own province; yet, would you choose to be Apollonius or Theocritus, rather than Homer? Is Erastosthenes, whose little poem of "Erigone"

is faultless throughout, to be deemed superior to Archilochus, who mingles with his sublimities many things also which ill assort with them, and that from the impetuosity of a divine inspiration, that will not brook control? In lyrics, would you sooner be Bacchylides than Pindar, or Io the Chian than even Sophocles? For certainly Bacchylides and Io are faultless writers, and have attained to perfection in the smooth and polished style; but Pindar and Sophocles at times bear down all before them in their career of fire, as it were; but frequently their fire is suffered to go out through inadvertence, and they fall most infelicitously. But yet no man of sound judgment, I am certain, would scruple to prefer the single "Œdipus" of Sophocles before all that Io ever composed.

XXXIV.—If the perfections of writings are to be estimated by number, and not intrinsic worth, then even Hyperides will prove far superior to Demosthenes; for he has more variety and harmony, and a greater number of beauties, and in almost every perfection is next to excellent. He resembles a champion practised in the five exercises, who in each of them severally must yield the superiority to other athletes, but is superior to all unprofessional

practitioners. For Hyperides, besides that he has, in every point except the structure of his words, imitated the excellences of Demosthenes, has over and above embraced the graces and beauties of Lysias. For when his subject demands simplicity, he relaxes the energy of his style; nor does he utter everything in one unaltered strain of vehemence, like Demosthenes; and in his description of manners there is a charming sweetness. There is an exhaustless fund of wit about him, a vein of elegant satire, a natural grace, a skilfulness of irony, jests not clumsy or loose, after the manner of those old Attic writers, but natural and easy; a ready talent at ridicule; a deal of comic point, conveyed in a style of well-managed pleasantry; and, in all these respects, a winning gracefulness that is almost inimitable. Gifted with extraordinary power to excite commiseration, he is also fertile in stories and familiar chat, returning to his subject after digressions without any distress or difficulty. So also, it is plain that he has composed his discourse of Latona in a style more like poetry than prose; and his funeral oration with a pomp of diction, as far as I know, unequalled.

Demosthenes, on the other hand, was not studious to portray the humours and characters

of men; he was not diffusive in his eloquence; far from flexible and pliant, and void of pomp and parade; and, in a word, for the most part, deficient in all the qualities ascribed to Hyperides. Where he constrains himself to be merry or facetious, if he makes people laugh, it is at himself. And the more he endeavours to be elegant, the farther he is from it. Had he ever attempted an oration for a Phryne or an Athenogenes, he would have only served still more as a foil to Hyperides.

But, since, to my thinking, the beauties of Hyperides, though numerous, have no inherent greatness; are the productions of a sedate and sober genius, but without force to move an audience; for certainly no one is affected by fear in reading him; while Demosthenes is gifted, on the one hand, with a genius intensely sublime and a capacity of lofty diction carried to a pitch of transcendent excellence, passions that live and breathe, an exhaustless copiousness, shrewdness, rapidity; and, on the other hand, a vehemence and power which none could ever approach; since, I say, Demosthenes has embraced and monopolised all these, as it were, Heaven-sent gifts, for it were a sin to call them human, he invariably surpasses all in the excellences that are his own; and, in

place of those he has not, strikes down the orators of every age as with the force of thunder, and throws them into the shade as with the glare of lightning; and sooner might a man look with steadfast gaze on the descending thunderbolt, than eye undismayed his reiterated flashes of passion.

XXXV.—Now, in the case of Plato, there is a certain difference of another sort. For Lysias, falling short of him, not only in the sublimity, but the number also of his beauties, exceeds him more in the number of his faults, than he falls short of him in the number of his excellences.

What, then, can we suppose that those god-like writers had in view, who laboured so earnestly to raise their compositions to the highest pitch of the sublime, and looked down with contempt upon punctilious correctness? It was, in addition to many other things, that Nature never designed man to be a grovelling and ungenerous animal, but that, bringing him into life, and placing him in the midst of this universe, as in some crowded theatre, that we might be spectators, and jealous imitators of her in all her mighty works, she implanted in our souls, from the first, an irresistible, an insatiable love of everything that is grand, and

that strikes us as exhibiting superior tokens of divine power. Hence it is that even the whole world is not large enough for the speculations and reasonings of man's aspiring intellect; but often his thoughts pass even the bounds that circumscribe the material universe. Let any one make a survey of the whole compass of this life, and see how universally the vast and grand is more deemed of than the correct and elegant, and he will soon discern what Nature designed us for. Thus it is, I ween, that the impulse of our nature inclines us to admire, not little streams, transparent and useful though they be, but the Nile, and Ister, or the Rhine, or, much more still, the ocean. Neither do we gaze with wonder at this little flame, which we ourselves have kindled, for the pure and spotless light it keeps up; but on the fires of heaven, though ofttimes veiled in darkness; nor count it a worthier object of admiration than the craters of Etna, whose eruptions throw up rocks and whole hills from out their deep recesses, and sometimes pour forth rivers of those materials liquefied, as well as pure unmingled fire. But of all such things we may pronounce that what is useful, or certainly necessary for man, claims his regards as being of easy acquisition, but still it is the strange and

wonderful that invariably commands his admiration.

XXXVI.—With regard, therefore, to Sublimities in Eloquence, which should never overshoot the mark of utility and advantage, we must consider, at the same time, that all the authors of these, though far removed from faultlessness, yet soar above the level of mortality; and that while all other things carry with them evidence that they proceed from men, yet the Sublime indicates an approximation to the loftiness of divine intelligence; and that while the correct and faultless does but escape censure, the great and grand enforces admiration also.

Why need I yet further observe that each of those noble writers frequently redeems all his failures by one single stroke of the sublime, one happy effort? and it is worthy of especial remark that if any one should pick out the slips of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and the other consummate authors, and put them together, the instances in which those heroes of fine writing have attained to absolute perfection would be found to bear a very small, nay, an indefinitely small proportion to them. It is on account of these that all posterity,

in every age, exempt from the blinding prejudices created by envy, have freely awarded them the laurels they have earned, and, to this day, suffer them not to be torn from their brows, but will, as it seems, continue to guard them,

> "As long as streams in silver mazes rove,
> Or spring with annual green renews the grove."
>
> *Homer* or *Cleobulus.*

Now, in answer to the writer who objects that the Colossus, with all its faults, is not superior to the Guardsman of Polycletus, it is obvious to reply, among many other things, that, in works of Art, it is exact proportion that wins our admiration; but in those of Nature, grandeur and magnificence. Now, Speech is a gift bestowed upon us by Nature. As, therefore, resemblance and proportion to the originals is required in statues, so, in the noble faculty of discourse, there should be something, as I have said, more than humanly great.

But still (for after a long excursion I come round to the precept I delivered in the commencement of the treatise), since it is the perfection of art to avoid, in the main, defect and blemish, while the nature of a sublime genius is to exhibit superlative greatness in its productions, but not

uniformly sustained, it is meet that art should, in all cases, be resorted to as an auxiliary to nature. For, from such union and mutual alliance, perfection would seem to result.

Thus much I have been under a necessity of delivering in decision of the questions in debate; but let every man enjoy his own opinion.

XXXVII.—To return. Similes and comparisons bear a close affinity to Metaphors, differing from them only in one particular . . . . . [The remainder of this section is lost.]

XXXVIII.— . . . [The beginning of this section on Hyperboles is lost] . . . . As this hyperbole, for instance, is exceedingly bad: "If you carry not your brains in your heels, and tread upon them." (Demosthenes or Hegesippus, Oration on Halonesus.) It is, therefore, needful to know how far in each case the thought can properly be carried. For overshooting the mark often neutralises the hyperbole; and expressions of this nature, when overstrained, lose their tone—nay, sometimes produce effects contrary to those for which they are designed. Thus, Isocrates has

played the child, from an ambition that is unwilling to utter anything without amplification; for the end and design of his Panegyric is to prove that the Athenians had done greater service to the Greeks than the Lacedæmonians; but this is the language he uses in the very outset: "Besides, the power of eloquence is so great as to be able to render great things contemptible, to clothe trifling subjects with the attributes of greatness, to impart an air of novelty to things old, and to discourse of recent transactions so as to give them the appearance of antiquity."

And is it thus, then, Isocrates, a man might ask, that you are going to change the character of the acts of the Athenians and Lacedæmonians? For this encomium of eloquence is as much as a notice and hint, thrown out to his hearers, to disbelieve what he says.

Those Hyperboles, then, would seem to be the best (as I have before observed of Figures) which have not the appearance of being hyperboles at all. And this is the case with those which are uttered under feelings excited by some circumstance of magnitude. Thus Thucydides has applied one in the case of his countrymen that perished in Sicily

(Thucyd. vii.): "The Syracusans," says he, "came down upon them, and made a slaughter chiefly of those that were in the river. The water immediately became turbid. But still, though polluted with mud and gore, they drank it; and most of them even fought for a draught of it." The circumstances, and the very affecting character of the transaction, make it not incredible that gore and mud were drunk, and yet were fought for.

Herodotus (vii.) has used a hyperbole similarly concerning those warriors who fell at Thermopylæ. "In this place," says he, "while defending themselves with their swords—that is, such as had swords left them—and with their hands and teeth, they were buried under the arrows of the barbarians." You will say here, What is meant by men defending themselves with their teeth against heavy-armed troops, and what in the world by being buried under arrows? Notwithstanding, it is rendered credible on a similar principle to that stated above; for the circumstances do not appear to have been called in to aid the hyperbole, but the hyperbole seems to be naturally produced by the transaction. For, as I still continue to insist,

when the deeds are of a violent kind, and the passions are vehemently excited, they qualify and abate all boldness of expression. Whence, also, in comedy, circumstances wholly absurd and incredible pass off very well, because they excite laughter. As in this passage: "He was owner of a piece of ground less than a Laconic epistle." For laughter also is a passion which is founded in pleasure.

But Hyperboles are equally applicable to enlarging and lessening; for both alike admit of being carried to farther degrees. The Diasyrm is a sort of farther lessening of that which is already small and mean.

PART V.

XXXIX.—It still remains for us, my honoured friend, to inquire into the Fifth of those which were laid down to be the causes that contribute to the consummation of the Sublime. It is the due Structure of Words. Having already, in two treatises, delivered sufficiently upon this subject all that I could attain to in the matter, I will now add only, in compliance with the necessary requirements of my present purpose, that Harmony is not only a

cause of persuasion and delight inherent in human nature, but a wonderful means of imparting majesty to diction, and expressing mental affections. For does not the pipe inspire its hearers with certain emotions, and, in a manner, transport and fill them with ecstasy; and when it has played off some closing notes in a certain rhythm, does it not force the hearer to step according to it, and keep time, and to adapt himself to the tune, even though he be altogether unversed in music? And, assuredly, the tones of the harp, which signify nothing unconnectedly, yet by the changes of sounds, by being tempered together, and mutually blended, often charm us marvellously by the concord of sweet sounds, as you very well know. Yet these are but faint shadows and bastard imitations of the powers of persuasion, and not the genuine operations of man's distinctive nature. Do we not think, then, that composition in language, which is a sort of harmony of that speech which Nature has implanted in man, which reaches to the very soul, and not the ear alone, which suggests such various forms of words, sentiments, things, beauty, proportion, all innate and congenial to us—that harmony which, by blending and diversifying its own sounds,

insinuates into the souls of others the affection kindled in the speaker's breast, and infallibly causes the hearers to participate therein, and which, by building up an edifice of words, forms into one harmonious whole the grand things at its disposal—do we not think, I say, that, acting by such means as these, composition must charm the soul at the same time that it invariably impresses us with ideas of grandeur, dignity, sublimity, and whatsoever else is comprehended in it, exercising an absolute and sovereign sway over all the powers of the mind? But it seems madness to make a question of points so fully admitted, for the evidence of experience requires no confirmation.

Sublimely effective and substantially admirable is that conception of Demosthenes (Oration on the Crown) which he subjoins to the decree:—"This decree caused the danger which then enveloped the city to pass away like a mist." Yet the harmonious sound of the words comes up to the sublimity of the sentiment they convey; for the whole is uttered in dactylic measures, the finest and most conducive to sublimity; for which cause, also, they are employed in forming heroic verse, the goodliest of all. For do but remove

the two last words [in the Greek] from their proper place to any other you please, or even lop off one syllable only from the end of the last but one, and you will be satisfied how much harmonious sound contributes to sublimity. For the two last words form a close, having the first foot long, and measured by four times (a spondee); but if one syllable be taken away, what is left mars the grandeur of the period by dropping a part of it. As, conversely, if you lengthen the last word but one, by adding a syllable to the end, the signification is the same, but its effect upon the ear is not the same. For by lengthening the times of the two closing words, you dissolve and relax the sublime effect of the rapid cadence.

XL.—But, among the methods which conduce most to elevate discourse, is that of putting together the parts, even as in the members of the body. If they are taken apart, each single member will have no beauty or grandeur; but when skilfully knit together, they produce a perfect and harmonious whole. So the constituent parts of sublime periods, when disjoined and scattered here and there without mutual connection, do at the same

time dissipate and fritter away their sublimity; but when embodied in mutual fellowship, and moreover held together and encircled by the bond of harmony, they fall effectively upon the ear from their mere rotundity; and the sublimities in the several periods may be regarded as mutual contributions, which go to make up one sublime whole. But I have already said enough to show that many historians and poets, ungifted with sublime genius, and perhaps devoid of true greatness, though employing, for the most part, words that are common and vulgar and impart nothing of ornament, yet only by this manner of putting them together and connecting them, have invested their works with a kind of pomp and grandeur, and have escaped the imputation of meanness. Of this class, among many others, is Philistus; as also Aristophanes, in some passages, and Euripides in very many. Thus Hercules (Eurip. "Herc. Fur.") after the murder of his children, cries:

"I'm full of miseries; there's not room for more."

The expression is very vulgar, but it is made sublime by the words being so constructed as to correspond with the thing signified; and if you

were to put them together in another way, it will become apparent to you that Euripides is a poet in respect of the structure of his language, more than in the fineness of his sentiments. So in his description of Dirce dragged along by the bull:

"Whene'er the madd'ning creature raged about
And whirled his bulk around in awkward circles,
The dame, the oak, the rock, were dragged along."

The thought itself is noble, but is rendered still grander because the words are put together so as not to move rapidly, nor roll, as it were, down a declivity; but are mutually sustained, and shored up by means of pauses, acquiring a sort of staid grandeur by being thus kept apart.

XLI.—But nothing so much lowers the tone of Sublimity as an over-nice and mincing rhythm, such as is formed by pyrrhics, trochees, and dichorees, which make a perfect jig of it. For all compositions whose rhythm is thus overwrought are manifestly affected and frivolous, and with all their pretension, fail to move in the slightest degree, because they are of the same texture throughout. And a still worse effect is, that as ballads divert the hearers from the matter before them, and force

attention to themselves, so also things spoken in a rhythm overwrought do not impress the hearers with the subject, but the rhythm, so that sometimes, foreknowing the cadences that should come, they themselves beat time to the speakers, and, as in a dance, anticipate them in the closing measure.

In like manner, periods forced into too narrow a compass, and cut up into short words, and words of short syllables, or that are bound together in an awkward and clumsy manner, as it were with nails, one upon another, are destitute of grandeur.

XLII.—Moreover, excessive contraction of style is another drawback to Sublimity. For it mars the effect of sublimity when the words are forced into too contracted a compass. I do not mean here sentences that demand a proper conciseness; but, on the contrary, those that are curtailed and minced. For contraction mutilates the sense, but conciseness carries it direct to the mark. And it is manifest, on the other hand, that sentences unduly extended are deficient in life and energy; I mean such as are enervated by being lengthened out beyond what the occasion requires.

XLIII. — Low and sordid words are serious blemishes to the Sublime. For instance, Herodotus's description of the tempest is divine, so far as relates to the conceptions, but there are some expressions in it which fall below the dignity of the matter. This, perhaps, among others: "The sea seethed;" for the uncouth sound of the words, "sea seethed," detracts much from the grandeur of the conception. Again, he says: "The wind flagged, and those who were overtaken by the storm, met with a disagreeable end." "To flag," is a mean and vulgar term; and "disagreeable," a word inappropriate to a disaster of such magnitude.

Theopompus, in like manner, after describing magnificently the descent of the Persians into Egypt, has exposed the whole performance to censure, by the intermixture of some low and trivial words. "What city or what nation was there in all Asia which did not compliment the king with an embassy? What was there of the productions of the earth, or what that is admired or valued among the achievements of art, which was not presented to him? were not many and sumptuous carpets, and vestments, purple, white,

and parti-coloured, many tents inwrought with gold, amply furnished with all necessaries, many embroidered robes and sumptuous couches; and besides, an immense quantity of chased silver and wrought gold, and cups and goblets, some of which you might have seen adorned with precious stones, and others embellished with exquisite art and costly workmanship? Add to these, arms unnumbered, Grecian and barbarian, beasts of burden beyond computation, and among these, cattle for slaughter; many bushels of preserves, many hampers and sacks, and volumes of books, and all things, besides, that necessity or convenience could require; and so great an abundance of salted flesh, of every kind of cattle, as swelled to such prodigious heights that they were supposed, by persons who approached them from a distance, to be mountains and hillocks jostling each other." He falls off from the more elevated to the more insignificant, whereas he ought contrariwise to have risen progressively in sublimity. And besides, by his strange mixture of baskets, and preserves, and sacks, with the splendid report of all these preparations, he has set before us the idea of a sort of kitchen. For as, if any one, seeing before him all those splendid preparations, should

purposely bring hampers and sacks, and put them in the midst between goblets of gold, and vessels set with precious stones, and chased silver, and tents all golden, and cups, it would be an unseemly sight; so also, terms such as these, introduced inopportunely, are blemishes, and, as it were, disgraceful marks branded upon the language.

But it was open to him to have described in general terms both those hills which, he says, were thrown together; and with regard to the other circumstances of the preparation, to have changed the form of his language, and said, "camels and a multitude of beasts of burden laden with all supplies necessary for luxury, and the delights of the table;" or to have said, rather, "heaps of all kinds of corn, and of all that is excellent, either for the preparation of food or for luxury;" or, if he must recount everything so precisely, as he preferred to do, he might have said, "all the delights which purveyors of the table and cooks are concerned about."

In the sublime we ought never to take up with sordid and exploded terms, unless reduced to it by the most urgent necessity; but it were meet that our words should be proportioned to the dignity of

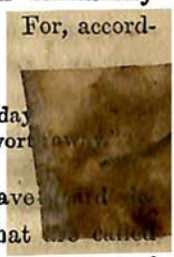
our sentiments, and that we should imitate the proceeding of Nature in the structure of the human fabric, who has not placed those parts which should be nameless in open view, nor the excretions from the whole body; but concealed them as much as possible, and "removed their channels" (to make use of Xenophon's words) "to the greatest distance from the eyes," thereby to preserve the beauty of the animal entire and unblemished.

To pursue this topic further, by a particular recital of whatever diminishes and impairs the Sublime, would be a needless task. I have already shown what methods elevate and ennoble, and it is obvious that their opposites must lower and debase it.

XLIV.—In consideration of your desire for useful information, my dearest Terentianus, I shall not hesitate to add an elucidation of that remaining question which was recently proposed by a certain philosopher. "I wonder," said he, "and not I alone, but doubtless many others also, how it happens that in the age we live in there are many men eminently endowed with talents for persuasion and public speaking, remarkable for shrewdness and

readiness, and, above all, expert in the arts which give grace and sweetness to language; but that there are now none at all, or very few, who are distinguished for loftiness and grandeur of style. So great and universal is the dearth of genuine eloquence that prevails in this age. Must we believe at last that there is truth in that oft-repeated observation, that democracy is the kindly nurse of sublime genius, with whose strength alone truly powerful orators flourish, and disappear as it declines? For liberty, say they, is able to supply nutriment to the lofty conceptions of great minds and feed their aspirations, and, at the same time, to foster the flame of mutual emulation and stimulate ambition for pre-eminence—nay, further, that the mental excellences of orators are whetted continually by reason of the rewards proposed in free states; that they are made, as it were, to give out fire by collision, and naturally exhibit the light of liberty in their oratorical efforts. But we of the present day," continued he, "seem to be trained from our childhood to absolute slavery, having been all but swathed in its customs and institutes, and never allowed to taste of that most copious fountain of all that is admirable and attractive in eloquence

—I mean liberty—and hence it is that we turn out to be nothing but pompous flatterers." This, he said, was the cause why we see that all other attainments may be found in menials, but never yet a slave become an orator. His spirit being effectually broken, the timorous vassal will still be uppermost; the habit of subjection continually overawes and beats down his genius. For, according to Homer ("Odyssey," i. 322)—



> "Jove fixed it certain that whatever day
> Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

"As then," said he, "(if what I have [illegible] serves credit), the cages in which what [illegible] pigmies are kept, not only prevent the growth of those who are enclosed in them, but contract their dimensions by reason of the confinement in which their whole bodies are placed; so slavery of every kind, even the mildest, one might declare to be the cage and common prison of the mind."

Now here I rejoined: It is easy and characteristic of human nature to find fault with the existing state of things, whatever it be; but I would have you consider whether, in some degree, this corruption of genius is not owing to the profound

peace which reigns throughout the world, but much more to the well-known war which our lusts are waging within us universally; and, moreover, to those mental foes that have invaded the present age, and waste and ravage all before them. For avarice (that disease of which the whole world is sick beyond a cure), aided by voluptuousness, holds us in abject thraldom; or, rather, if I may so express it, drowns us body and mind. For the love of money is the canker of the soul's greatness, and the love of pleasure corrodes every generous sentiment. I have, indeed, thought much upon it; but, after all, judge it impossible for them that set their hearts upon, or, to speak more truly, that deify unbounded riches, to preserve their souls from the infection of all those vices which are firmly allied to them. For riches that know no bounds and restraint bring with them profuseness, their close-leagued and, as they call it, dogging attendant; and while wealth unbars the gates of cities, and opens the doors of houses, profuseness gets in at the same time, and takes up a joint residence. And when they have remained awhile in our principles and conduct, they build their nests there (in the language of philosophy), and speedily

proceeding to propagate their species, they hatch arrogance, pride, and luxury—no spurious brood, but their genuine offspring. If these children of wealth be fostered and suffered to reach maturity, they quickly engender in our souls those inexorable tyrants—insolence, injustice, and impudence. When men are thus fallen, what I have mentioned must needs result from their depravity. They can no longer lift up their eyes to anything above themselves, nor feel any concern for reputation; but the corruption of every principle must needs be gradually accomplished by such a series of vices; and the nobler faculties of the soul decay and wither, and lose all the fire of emulation, when men neglect the cultivation of their immortal parts, and suffer the mortal and worthless to engross all their care and admiration.

For he that has received a bribe to pervert judgment is incapable of forming an unbiassed and sound decision in matters pertaining to equity and honour. For it must needs be that one corrupted by gifts should be influenced by self-interest in judging of what is just and honourable. And when the whole tenor of our several lives is guided only by corruption, by a desire for the

death of others, and schemes to creep into their wills; when we are ready to barter our life for paltry gains, led captive, one and all, by the thirst for lucre—can we expect, in such a general corruption, so contagious a depravity, that there should be found one unbiassed and unperverted judge that can discriminate what is truly great, or will stand the test of time, uninfluenced in his decisions by the lust of gain? But if this is the case, perhaps it is better for such as we are to be held in subjection than to be free; for, be sure, if such rapacious desires were suffered to prey upon others without restraint, like wild beasts let out of confinement, they would set the world on fire with the mischiefs they would occasion. Upon the whole, then, I have shown that the bane of true genius in the present day is that dissolution of morals which, with few exceptions, prevails universally among men, who, in all they do or undertake, seek only applause and self-gratification, without a thought of that public utility which cannot be too zealously pursued, or too highly valued.

But it were best to let these matters alone, and proceed to that which follows in connection with my design—I mean the subject of the Passions, of

which I volunteered to treat in a distinct book, since they not only have an important bearing upon oratory in other ways, but, if I am not mistaken, contribute much to the sublime.

Printed by Cassell & Company, Limited, La Belle Sauvage London, E.C.
30.1193

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018